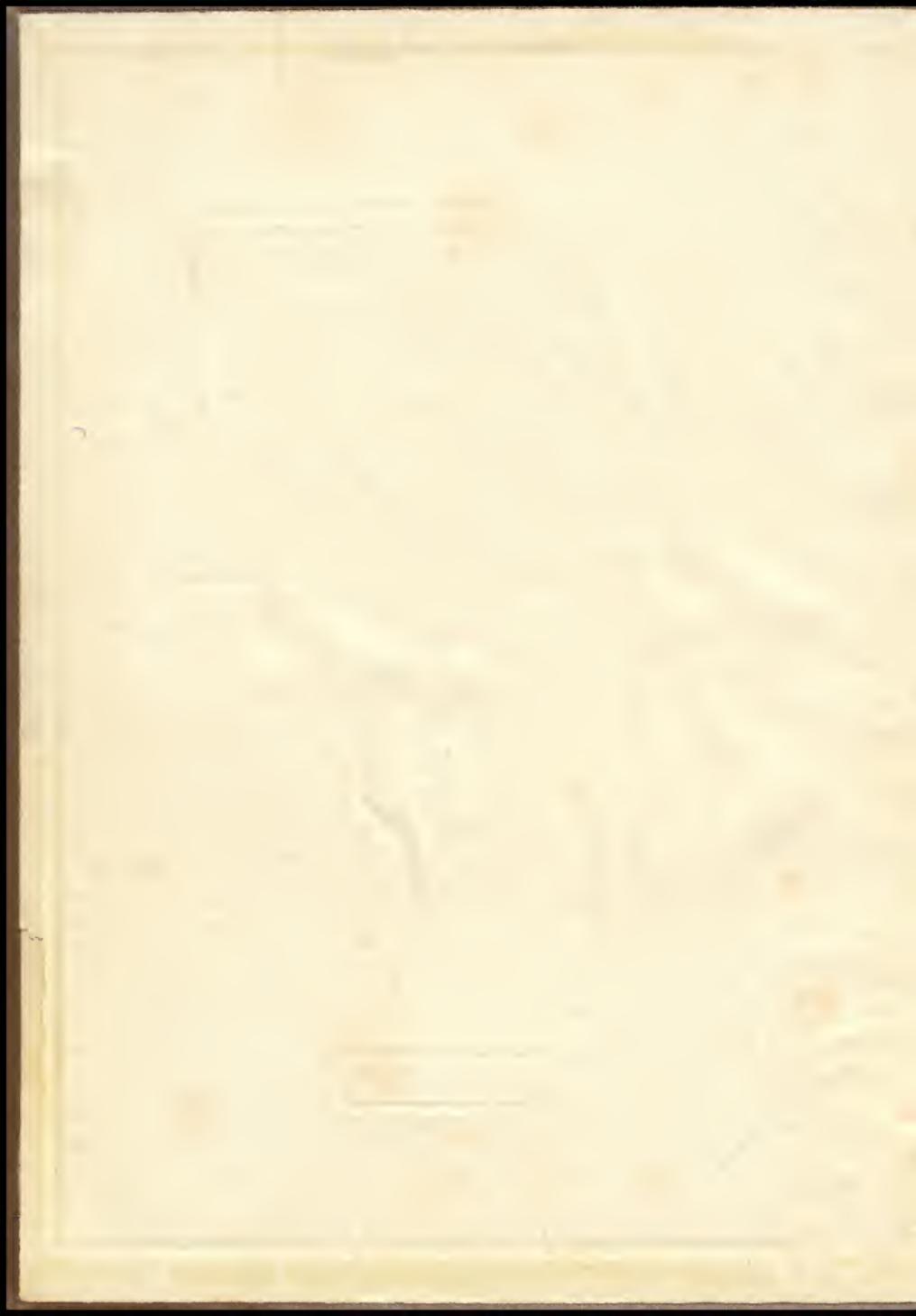


AURORA



1926







AURORA

1926

Foreword

THIS book is to remind you of your days in Hobart High School. In it are recorded the faces and deeds of your schoolmates. Its name radiates the many sides of your school life, and between its covers will be preserved for you a little portion of what will soon be the past. May you always turn these pages with interest.

"Hope on till old age, and memory never."

AURORA

PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1926

HOBART HIGH SCHOOL



INDIANA AUTHOR
EDITION

P. MESSICK

The Senior Class of Nineteen Twenty-six
respectfully dedicate this Annual
to
James Whitcomb Riley

"The Poet who sang nearer to the hearts of plain
people and plain things than any other American."

"Oh it must be that we love him."



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

*"The elements do love, the wild winds woo him,
With words that duller senses may not hear."*



THE MAIN BUILDING



THE ENTRANCE

*"We seem to hear the clicking
Of the pencil and the pen."*



GUY DICKEY, Superintendent

*"True happiness on earth is only found
In the fulfillment of life's duties well."*



"The world has aye gone well with us."

The Faculty

J. H. BAKER, Principal
Mathematics and Physics
Central Normal College
Indiana University, A. B.



RICHARD A. NUZUM, Principal,
Junior High School
History, Junior High School
Marion College
Indiana University



CLAUDE L. BAGSHAW
Literature, Junior High School
Central Normal College, A. B.

*"And we note the watchful master,
As he waves the warning rod."*



MARTHA BORGSTEDE

English, Junior High School

Butler College, A. B.



W. M. S. FOREMAN

Engineer



FANNY E. HUNTER

Latin and English

University of Chicago, Ph. B.

"Their speech the voice of wisdom is."



W. S. JOHNSON

Industrial Arts and Mathematics
Muncie Normal, B. S.
Terre Haute Normal
Indiana University Extension



FONZO LAWLER

History
Earlham College, A. B.
University of Wisconsin



G. E. MOSS

Mathematics, Junior High School
Terre Haute State Normal



"They measure we'l the power divine in man."



EMMA M. NAEGELE
Commercial
Indiana State Normal
Gregg School, Chicago



WILLIAM D. REVELLI
Music
Chicago Musical College
Columbia School of Music



DORIS STEPHENS
Home Economics
University of Illinois, A. B.
Rockford College



LOU EDITH WIMBROUGH
English
Franklin College, A. B.

"The choicest fruits and flowers come of thy toil."



The Physics Department

SCIENCE is not of yesterday. We stand on the shoulder of past ages. And the amount of observation made and facts ascertained, has been transmitted to us and carefully preserved in the store-house of science. One of the first things we encountered in Physics was "WORK." We did not go far, before realizing why it was so necessary to understand that word thoroughly. After securing a foundation for this study, we entered into the works and discoveries of Newton, Galileo, and a host of other great men who have provided us with their discoveries concerning the machine work, energy and force. Our work proved most interesting and has gone far in helping us to develop "Common Sense," which after all is the primary purpose of this great study. The laboratory work has been helpful and interesting. It has enabled us to get a clearer conception of the work. Much equipment has been added to the laboratory, and we have a few old pieces that would be an asset to any school many times as large.

With this great field to work in, much more is to be done than said. It is our hope that we can help to stimulate and encourage an interest in this kind of study.

"The leaves of time will linger."



Home Economics Department

HOBART High School has had a Home Economics Department since 1915. The primary aim of this department is to teach "sane living." This goal is reached by training in correct eating and proper dressing. The girls in the first semester study foods which includes the planning, cooking and serving of meals with regard to cost and calories. Luncheons were served to several members of the faculty this year. Following the study of meats, the class visited the Chicago stock yards.

In the second semester clothing is studied. The girls calculate from their individual family incomes the amount to be spent on clothes, and approximately, the cost of their own. Study is made of the four main textiles, including the history, production, value and tests for each. Individual study of line and color is studied with each garment made.

Better home makers and housewives for the future are in the making in this department. Miss Doris Stephens was the director of the department for the school year 1925-26.

"'Tis the smell of something burning."



Commercial Department

IN the past three years this department outgrew its space and in answer to the loud cry for "more room" found quarters in the portable building. The large demand for this course brought us twelve new Remington machines within this time and many students have won splendid records on them, through faithfulness and constant practice.

Last year the District Commercial Contest was held here and Hobart High School put this department on the map. Our team of victorious typists consisting of Lucile Peterson, Marjorie Lutz and Hardee Allen, then journeyed to Munecie, Indiana, to enter the State Commercial Contest, but this time did not bring back the silver cup.

Our Bookkeeping Department as well as the other departments better has grown, and last fall we had all the bookkeepers we could accommodate in our limited space.

We are prond of the number of Hobart students who are now earning their way and climbing the ladder in the commercial world, from the start received at Hobart High School.

"Trying! Yes at times it is."



Industrial Arts Department

BANG! bang! bang! Rip! rip! Buzz-z-z-z! Ouch! Now what's the matter? Clayton just put his finger into the jointer and got the end of it taken off. The above noise is coming from the east room in the basement where the Manual Training department is located. Now what is Manual Training? It is a general term applied to all the various phases of hand work, now a part of every first class high school curriculum. Our department offers instructions in the use of tools, cabinet making, mechanical drawing and lathe work. The shop is equipped with electric machinery and other necessary tools. Throughout the day one can hear the buzz of the saw, the hum of the motors, and various other noises, which gives it the appearance of a real workshop.

To some it means recreation, but to others it means real manual labor, plus two credits which will help make the thirty-two required for graduation. Under the direction of Mr. Johnson, this department has made much progress. Although one year's work is all that is offered to the high school students, almost every boy in the high school passes through the department sometime during his high school career.

"But toil is sweeter than all things else."





HARDEE ALLEN, "A+"

Class Treasurer (3, 4), Business Manager (3, 4), General, the Commercial and (3), Honor Roll (1, 2, 3, 4), Honors in typing, Oratorical (4), Public Speaking Play (4), Winner of Lake county Caesar contest (2), "What Happened to Jones" (4), "Come Out of the Kitchen," (4), General and Commercial Course.



MARTHA AMILONG, "Mutt"

"Lady Francis" (3), Honor Roll (4), Snap-editor of Annual, Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4), Chorus (1, 2, 3), Choral Contest (1, 2), Honors in typing (3), "Pickles," (4), General Course.



GORDON ARGO, "Misty"

Basket-ball (2, 3, 4), Glee Club (2, 4), Chorus (1, 2, 3), Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4), Band (4), "Toreadors" (2), "Girl to Order" (4), "Pickles," (4), "Come Out of the Kitchen" (4), General Course, President (1).



WILLIAM BACH, "Bachie"

Assistant Advertising Manager of Annual (4), "Come Out of the Kitchen," (4), General Course.

"Ho! Ho! Ye scholars."

EDMUND BARTOS, "Ed"

Basket-ball (3, 4), General Course.



LILLIAN BAUMER, "Lily"

"What Happened to Jones" (4), Honors in typing, Class Vice-President (2), "Come Out of the Kitchen" (4), General and Commercial Course.



DRUSILLA BELFORD, "Dru"

Literary editor on Annual, "What Happened to Jones" (4), Declamatory (3), General and Commercial Course.



ROSE DOOLING, "Sis"

Mixed Chorus (4), Literary Society (4), General Course.



"Ah! today the splendor!"



CLARENCE HANCOCK, "Handy"

Honor Roll (3, 4), Latin Contest (1), Caesar Contest (2), Honors in Bookkeeping (4), "Come Out of the Kitchen," (4), Commercial and General Course.



EVELYN HANCOCK, "Sis"

"Colonial Minuet," (4), Honors in typing, General Course.



EVA HOLZMER, "Bright Eyes"

Basket-ball (3, 4), Honor Roll (1, 2), Snap-editor of Annual, Glee Club (1, 2), Latin Contest (1), Caesar Contest (2), Declamatory (2), Honors in typing, Class Secretary (2, 3), "Come Out of the Kitchen," (4), General and Commercial Course.



LEOLA KRUEGER, "Ole"

Glee Club (1, 2), General Course.

*"Say, good-bye er howdy-do—
What's the odds betwixt the two?"*

MARJORIE LUTZ, "Marjie"

"Lady Francis" (3), Honor Bell (1, 2, 3, 4), Society editor of Annual (4), Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4), Chorus (1, 2, 3, 4), Latin Contest, "Chess Contest" (2), 1st place in Declamatory Contest (3), Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4), State Typing Contest (3), Honors in typing (3), "Pickles" (4), General and Commercial Course.



WILLIAM McAFFEE, "Mac"

Basket-ball (1, 2, 3), Advertising Manager of Annual (4), Chorus (4), Oratorical Contest (3, 4), Band (4), Treasurer (2), Vice-President (3), President (4), General Course.



BYRON MELLON, "Bud"

"Toreadors" (2), "Colonial Minuet" (4), President (3), "Come Out of the Kitchen" (4), General Course.



DALIA MESSICK, "Gloria"

"What Happened to Jones" (4), "The Colonel's March" (3), "Lady Francis" (3), Art editor of Annual (4), Glee Club (4), Chorus (4), "Come Out of the Kitchen" (4), General Course.

*"To-day is your day and mine;
The only day we have."*



WILLIAM MESSICK, "Speedy"

"The Colonel's Maid" (3), "Toreadors" (3), Sport editor of Annual (4), Glee Club (4), Chorus (2, 4), Oratorical (1, 3, 4), Band (4), Yell Leader (4), "Colonial Minuet," "Pickle" (4), General Course.



LUCILE PETERSON, "Pete"

Basket-ball (4), Honor Roll, (1, 2, 4), Departmental editor of School Notes (4), Editor-in-Chief of Annual (4), Chorus (1, 2, 4), Typing Contest (3), Latin Contest (1), Honors in typing (3, 4), "Colonial Minuet," "Come Out of the Kitchen," (4), General and Commercial Course.



GEORGIA PRICE, "Gee"

Honor Roll (1, 2, 3), Latin Contest (1), Shorthand Contest (3), Class Secretary (4), Local editor of School Notes (4), General and Commercial Course.



VANCE REED, "Pude"

Joke editor of School Notes (4), Joke editor of Annual (4), General Course.



HAZEL ROBINSON, "Red"

Basket-ball (2, 3, 4), "Deacon Dubbs," Honor Roll (3), Glee Club, (4), Chorus (1, 3, 4), General Course.

"The air is full of bubbles."

ISABEL ROPER, "Izzy"

Basket-ball (3, 4), "Torcadores" (2), Society editor of Annual (4), Glee Club (1, 2, 4), Class Vice-President (1), Chorus (1, 2, 3, 4), Orchestra (4), Honors in Typing (3, 4), "Come Out of the Kitchen," (4), General and Commercial Course.



CLAUDIA SHANNON, "Blondy"

Entered Hobart High in '25, from Mason High, Mason City, Iowa.



ALMIRA WILD, "Abee"

Chorus (4), Editor-in-Chief of School Notes (4), Calendar-Alumni-Will Editor of Annual (4), Honors in Bookkeeping, General Course.



FAYE WILCOX, "Fa"

"What Happened to Jones" (4), Glee Club (2), Class Historian (4), Honors in Typing, General Course.



LYLE WILSON, "Billy"

Basket-ball (3, 4), Honor Roll (2, 3, 4), Honors in Typing, "Come Out of the Kitchen," (4), General and Commercial Course.



"'Tis well! Though paths wind where no meetings be."



“The Crowning Year”

O, the crowning year! the crowning year!
When graduation day is near,
Then from our High School life we'll pass,
Out into the world, and into the mass,
All the glory and fame that was ours,
Is but a memory of the happy hours,
Which lingers long!

O, Hobart High! O, Hobart High!
As the days and weeks and months go by,
The memory of those golden days,
Flash before us as we gaze,
From out of the dark and into the light,
We want to boast with all our might,
For Hobart High!

O, Father Time! O, Father Time!
You seem but on a steady climb,
But much too fast for our Senior Class,
For soon from school we all will pass,
Into the future, our course we will take,
That, which we think for us, will make
A better life!

The crowning year! the crowning year!
The last we'll spend in our high school dear—
So we'll make the most of each glad day,
And when this day has slipped away,
In future years we'll backward gaze,
In memory all will sing the praise
Of the crowning year!

—WILLIAM MESSICK, '26.

*“Forgetting every earthly thing
I hear the song I never sing.”*



“We Know, Oh Faltering Heart, Thy Need is Great”

FOR three years we have struggled, and now, at last we approach the climax of our high school careers. Soon we must step timidly forth, from the shelter of Hobart High, and face the world, offering our every talent, our every effort, to the Goddess of Success.

We know how little we have gleaned from the field of knowledge, that many husks were gathered, and much that was good, was left behind, yet we also know that the Class of '26 possesses the grit and the perseverance that will enable us to reach the goal for which we have started.

Our talents may differ in type and degree, but we know that every member of our class will give the best that is in him. Our steps may falter and many obstacles appear in our path, yet we hope some day, "to attain those high places which are but a purple haze on the horizon."

The days that we have spent in Hobart High, have been filled with fun and work and pure joy of living. Honor has been ours, both in the Gym and in the Classroom, since in 1922, when thirty-six Freshies entered the Assembly for the first time.

That first time! How our minds are prone to reminisce over the pangs of that first time. We have changed, and we hope we have grown more useful. We hope our small number which remains now, may be able to make up for our strayed members!

But the time is growing shorter and shorter—the sun is rising in the East—! Our day of entrance into the world is at hand!



*“How our old hearts shall rake
The past up.”*



*"The old school-day romances
Are the dearest, after all."*

"In Days To Come"

TWO well-dressed young women were standing at the glove counter, though evidently unaware of each other's presence until one happened to glance at her neighbor. "I beg your pardon," she said, "but aren't you Almira Wild?"

Almira, startled at hearing her name spoken, looked up and at once recognized her old friend.

"Why, Drusilla Belford, I sure am glad to see you. I heard you were in Europe."

"I was," Dru replied, "just returned to New York two months ago. Got to Chicago yesterday. It certainly is pleasant to meet an old schoolmate, isn't it? I had a surprise yesterday, too. Isabel Argo phoned me just after I arrived at the Hotel. She read in the papers that I was coming, and we're having tea this afternoon. Can't you come upstairs too, Abee, Izzy will be so glad to see you and we can talk and talk and talk—"

"Yes and talk some more," laughed Almira, "you just bet I'll come. Try and keep me away."

"Good," said Dru. "Come on, let's go."

They hurried up to the Tea Room, met Mrs. Argo, and,—well it was all talk together and at once and all the time.

They managed to order tea and luncheon between their chatter, while the people at the near-by tables were unable to refrain from laughing at these long-lost friends.

"Me first," this came from Isabel and Almira.

"All right. Shoot. Either one of you, I don't care," replied Dru.

"Well," said Izzy, "of course you know about Gordon?"

"Oh, of course, and how I wish I could go to the opening of that perfectly wonderful New Theatre. But I can't. Got to get back to Hobart for I have a very important engagement."

Dru and Isabel glanced at the great big diamond on her left hand.

*"As fancy trails her finger
O'er the index of the heart."*



"Well, anyway, to come back to Gordon. I hear that his orchestra is just magnificent. He sure is a jazz wonder. You must be very proud of him, aren't you, Isabel?"

"Well, that's no question to ask. Of course she is," answered Dru, "and oh, I can hardly wait until tonight. It's going to be grand. Oh say, when I came through New York I visited Dali's studio in Greenwich Village. Such an adorable place and such a famous artist. Her brother? Oh yes, dear old Bill. She took me to his office. You know he's a rising young civil engineer connected with that big firm, Dodson Brothers and Jennings."

"Isn't that just fine?" said Almira.

"Yes," Dru continued, "and I stopped in Washington a few days and had a dandy time with Lucile. She's Senator McAfee's private secretary. There's a lot of talk about his Farmers' Bill being passed.

"Well, for heaven's sake, Dru," said Almira jokingly, "Let me talk, please, once in a while. You've heard of Bud Mellon's and Vance Reed's new car that they've manufactured, haven't you?"

"Why, sure," said Isabel, "it's one of the best made cars now."

"Well," went on Almira, "Hobart is a big city now. We have a Y. M. C. A., Lyle Wilson is the director, and William Bach is doing a flourishing real estate business, and,—and,—Hardee Allen owns the big printing establishment there. He does all of the annual work now and yes, there's a beautiful new school gym, swimming tank, track, big campus and just everything. Edmund Bartos was the contractor. It's a beautiful building. We're all proud of it."

"Oh, say," interrupted Isabel, "I've just seen Rose Dooling and Evelyn Hancock. They are the owners of the Butterfly Beauty Shoppe. It's the most beautiful place and so perfectly equipped.

"Did you hear about Eva," put in Almira, "she's one of the Basket Ball coaches at Indiana University. And Faye Wilcox—oh you knew about Faye. Yes, Mr. Harris owns the Elite Barber Shop. Yes, and Clarence Hancock is THE big banker in Hobart.

"Oh, and while I was in Germany," said Dru. "I met Lillian Baumer. She married a brilliant German statesman; and they have a perfectly beauti-

*"The wealth of facts and fancies
That our memories may recall."*



tiful home there. Did I tell you about Marjorie? Well, she's on the stage. I saw her in New York.

"Say, Dru," said Isabel, "Martha Amlong is here at the Auditorium singing in the opera, "Marthe."

"Have you heard about Georgia?" put in Almira, "She's married and gone west. Lives on a big ranch out there. And Leola—Oh—"Smiles?" She's a missionary. I have heard that she's doing wonderful work in China."

"What about Claudia and Hazel?" asked Isabel.

"Well, Hazel married the author of "The Calumet Trail," and Claudia took up dancing and went on the stage."

"Haven't we just about gone down the list?" questioned Dru—

"Oh goodness, I've just got fifteen minutes to make that bus back to Hobart."

"Can't you stay for to-night, Abee?" asked Isabel.

"Oh please do," begged Dru.

"Don't beg me, I can't stay, I want to but I must get back."

And so it goes that :

"In days to come—whatever ache
Of age shall rack our bones, or quake
Our slackened thews—whate'er grip
Rheumatic catch us i' the hip,—
We, each one, for the other's sake,
Will of our very wailings make
Such quips of song as well may shake
The spasmod' corners from the lip—
In days to come.

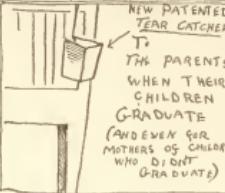
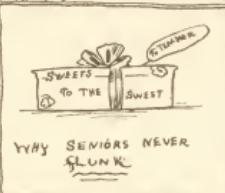
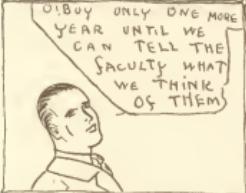
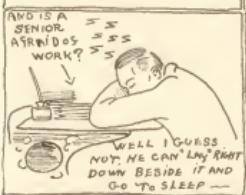
"Ho! ho! how our old hearts shall rale
The past up!—how our dry eyes slake
Their sight upon the dewy drip
Of juicy-ripe companionship,
And blink stars from the blind opaque—
In days to come."

*"Only a dream,
That the fancy weaves."*

HOBART HIGH (H) MINUTE NOVELS

THE LIFE OF A SENIOR

WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR 117
PRODUCTION ON THE SILVER
SCREEN AT OUR OWN!
AURORA THEATER!



"Be something tangible, bloom in thy glory
Into existence, as thou art addressed."

“Come Out Of The Kitchen”

Olivia Dangerfield			Dalia Messick
Elizabeth Dangerfield			Isabel Roper
Mrs. Faulkner			Lillian Banner
Cora Faulkner			Lucile Peterson
Amanda			Eva Holzmer
Burton Crane			Gordon Argo
Thomas Lefferts			Lyle Wilson
Solon Tucker			Hardee Allen
Paul Dangerfield			Byron Mellon
Charles Dangerfield			William Bach
Randolph Weeks			Clarence Hancock
	Time—The present.		
	Place—The Dangerfield mansion in Virginia.		

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Act I—Drawing room of the Dangerfield mansion.

Act II—The kitchen—afternoon—two days later.

Act III—The dining room—just before dinner on the same day.

*“Yes; it’s convincing—rather—
That ‘Life is like a play.’ ”*

"The Goble-uns'll Git Ye, If Ye Don't Watch Out"

There wuz reely, truly, gobble-uns, an' witches, an' black cats,
And some nv them there prissy folks, said that they smelled rats,
There wuz folks from every nation, so we hadn't ortta fear'd,
But I never seen sich funny sites—they acted awf'l queer.
Everybody wuz so happy, that I wished you all could see,
For a funnier lookin' set o' folks, I never know'd could be.
Uv all unnatural places, the party wuz at school,
But the teechers never said a word, about the Golden Rule.
I allus thought that school wuz where, ye learned t' read an' spell,
But that ain't so fur here I saw 'em dance and heard 'em yell.
"Twas Hollerwe'en it happened on, this party—O, so queer,
We'd never seen sich sights before, 'round about us here.
I sposse the idee wns to take, out a leetle night o' starch,
So purty soon they all jined in, and did the ole grand march.
We didn't play post-office, er have them peanut hunts,
But we did have fortune-tellers, and lots o' shows an' stunts.
And after all these crazy sites wuz seen by all the bunch,
We chad appnls, cider, doughnmts, fur everybody's bunch.
Not a single one had had sich fun, in all their life, I know,
We gave three cheers fur Hobart High, afore we left to go.

The Last Party

The last social function of the year, is the Senior-Junior party. We usually forget our dignity, which we have cultivated during our high school careers and journey to some nook, where a lake, a sand dune, and a dance hall can let us

"Rumble, tumble, growl and grate!
Skip, and trip and gravitate!"

So it was this year. We went to Miller Beach and had a picnic, with a camp-fire, roasted weiners, marshmallows, and all that goes with such a party to make it necessitate superlatives to describe it. We romped and frolicked until our very bones ached. Then we sat around the camp-fire, and our derisive bursts of mirth expressed itself in the usual harmonizing. The evening ended with a dance, and we felt keenly that we were meeting for the last time as the Class of '26.

"If you have roses, bring them now."

"A Passing Hail"

To the Members of the Faculty, Junior Class and Friends:

Contrary to all precedents, the Class of 1926 has decided to publish its own last will before "The evening shadows fall." It is as "Honey dripping from the comb." We do not wish you to anticipate grief, from this "Full harvest," but think there will be much less of it when you learn from us, that we cheerfully heard the learned Dr. Stott say on May 21, that the Class of 1926 must die. Since "Death is dead," the inevitable lot of all classes, we have not left "Unspoken" our "Last words," which are as follows:

State of Indiana, County of Lake, City of Hobart. We, the Class of 1926, in good and sound mind make our testament in the manner that followeth hereafter.

First, that our beloved President, William McAfee, be the sole executor, and no bond exacted.

In the beginning, we bequeath our good-will and loyalty to the High School, asking that they conduct our funeral service with due form and have the procession the correct length, and the tears generously shed.

We bequeath, to our beloved faculty all the amazing knowledge and startling information that we have furnished them in our examination papers. We trust they will feel at perfect liberty to make use of all such wisdom for the education of the classes to come after us.

We bequeath to the Junior class the residue of our Annual Funds and ask that they use it to build air castles for their Aurora.

We bequeath to the coming Physics class this warning, don't laugh when there is an explosion. You had better say "The prayer perfect."

We bequeath to The Hobart News and Gazette, all the events of our lives, past, present, and to come, all deserved and undeserved notoriety and fame with which we may have been, or will be associated, trusting they may be inspired to write brilliant editorials for ages to come.

We do not wish to omit anyone and feeling these talents may be used by our beneficiaries, and likewise will display our generosity, we gladly part with the following:

Item One.—I, Hardee Allen, bequeath my red marks to Charles Ekstedt.

Item Two.—I, Martha Anlong, bequeath my height to Harry Coons.

Item Three.—I, Gordon Argo, bequeath my winning ways to Clayton Keilman.

Item Four.—I, Lillian Bummer, bequeath my fair complexion to "Sheik" Price.

Item Five.—I, William Bach, bequeath my marcel to Ruth Cullman.

Item Six.—I, Drusilla Belford, bequeath my long raven tresses to Donald Lee.

"And some things must be false and some be true."

Item Seven.—I, Edmund Bartos, bequeath my ability to argue and debate to Edwin Scharbach.

Item Eight.—I, Rose Dooling, bequeath my quiet ways to Alice Van Loon.

Item Nine.—I, Clarence Hancock, bequeath that old gang of mine to John Bracken.

Item Ten.—I, Evelyn Hancock, bequeath my worries to Maynard Argo.

Item Eleven.—I, Eva Holzmer, bequeath my "eye for baskets" to my sister, Florence.

Item Twelve.—I, Leola Krueger, bequeath my giggles to Robert McIver.

Item Thirteen.—I, Marjorie Lutz, bequeath my musical talent to Helen Graham.

Item Fourteen.—I, Dalia Messick, bequeath my good spelling to Minnie Miscevich.

Item Fifteen.—I, William Messick, bequeath Leapin' Lena to Kenneth McDonald.

Item Sixteen.—I, William McAfee, bequeath my Irish Luck to Rose Pelligrini.

Item Seventeen.—I, Byron Mellon, bequeath my wit to Max Brand.

Item Eighteen.—I, Lucile Peterson, bequeath my position as Editor-in-chief to Roy Shearer.

Item Nineteen.—I, Georgia Price, bequeath my speed in Shorthand to Leroy Newman.

Item Twenty.—I, Vance Reed, bequeath my wise cracks to Ella Myers.

Item Twenty-one.—I, Hazel Robinson, bequeath my place on the Basket Ball team to Minnie Werner.

Item Twenty-two.—I, Isabel Roper, bequeath my saxaphone to Grace Rossow.

Item Twenty-three.—I, Claudia Shannon, bequeath my gum to Carl Scheidt.

Item Twenty-four.—I, Faye Wilcox, bequeath my free hair-ents to whomever is in need of one.

Item Twenty-five.—I, Almira Wild, bequeath my ability to bluff to Dorothy Dunning.

Item Twenty-six.—I, Lyle Wilson, bequeath my deportment grades to Thomas Messick.

We leave behind our aroma of various perfumes, as an ever abiding fact that we attended The Rexall "One Cent Sales," and a reminder of our friends' duty to do likewise.

The foregoing is the legal will of the Class of 1926, and we do solemnly declare that we publish and execute this will in the presence of witnesses, lawful and otherwise. In witness whereof we hereunto set our hands and seals this 21st day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1926.

THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1926.

WITNESSES: THE TERRIBLE THREE.

*"Oh! help my longing, which discerns
A something, back of the returns."*





Class of 1927

Edwin E. Scharbach	President
Donald Lee	Vice-President
Frank Brown	Secretary
Nicholas Havrilla	Treasurer
Colors	Silver and Blue
Motto	"Conquer Over Difficulty"
Flower	Yellow Tea Rose
Sponsors	Miss Naegele Mr. Lawler

"We must muse upon the faces of the friends that we have known."



“Who’s Who” in 1927

Robert Boyd	Florence Holzmer
Maxmillian Brand	Marion Jackson
Ben Brantigan	Rose Kisela
Frank Brown	Marella Kruse
Pauline Burris	Donald Lee
Luther Carlson	Harry Linkhart
Harry T. Coons	Gladys Olson
Dorothy Dunning	Edwin E. Seharbach
Helen Englund	Carl Scheid
Maria Friedrich	Roy Shearer
Ward Hatten	Gordon Shore
Nicholas Hayvilla	Margaret Wanamaker
Harold Helin	William Wood
Harold Heyer	

The Muses Forecast

JUNIORS—you who are always alert and looking for something—we find that courage is the one word that describes your one need. You have a great task before you, as most of the work of the high school will fall upon your shoulders, since you are naturally practical. Be not afraid to go forward, regardless of the taunts and failures of previous Juniors, who happen to be in your ranks. Take up the duty that lies nearest you, and do so without fear and trembling and you will come out all right.

Your tastes are creative, artistic, yet practical; disposition, pleasing; feelings, intellectual; temperament, such that you are able to see the bright side of all subjects. You are rational, quick-witted, very progressive and possessed with many ready speakers and writers.

Birthstone—grindstone.

*“I thought to win me a name
Should ring in the ear of the world.”*





*"We're not a-workin' now!— We're jes' a-layin' round
A-lettin' other people plow."*



"And the Road is Long that Leads to Art"

THREE is one line of a song familiar to us all, that is especially applicable to the Juniors.—“There’s a long, long trail a’ winding.” How significant that is of any third year student! Behind us lies the dreary waste of years, during which, little has been accomplished. Before us lie our social activities, the reception, the Junior prom, and then the crowning glory, the dignity of Seniors.

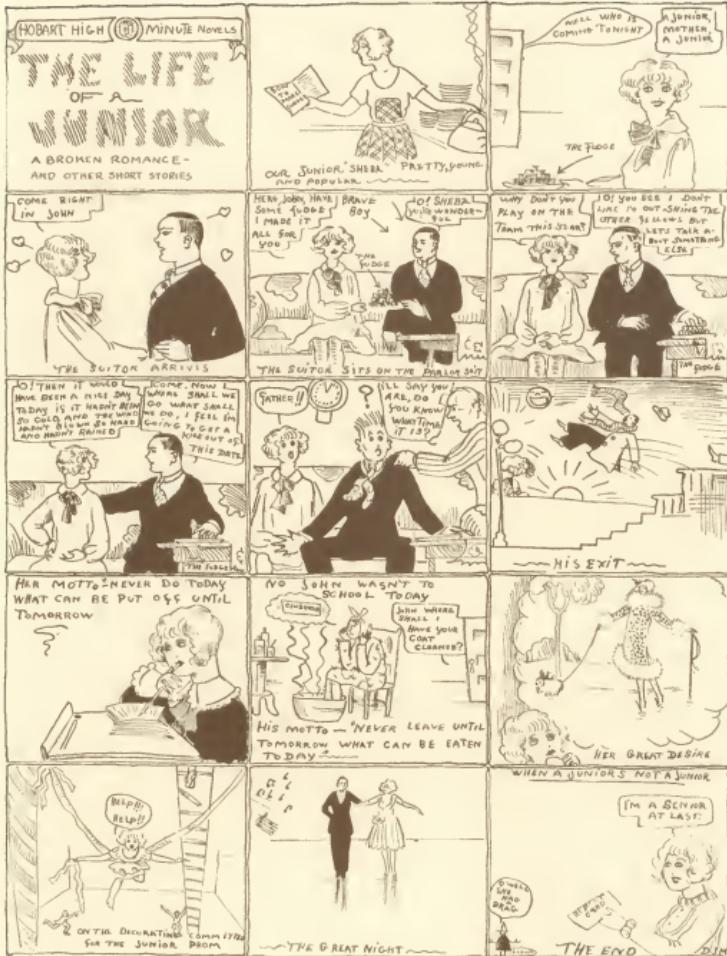
But until then, time stretches forward indefinitely. Gone is that Freshman ignorance of high school ways; that high handed cock-sureness of the Sophomore year. We have at least learned that nothing is to be gained by bluffing; that in the end, the losers are the bluffers. So we toil, toil, toil,—plod, plod, plod until we can neither think nor see, and the whole world seems a desert waste inhabited only by books.

We are told that everything, both good and bad, must end sometime; that nothing except heaven itself can stretch into eternity. Yet, sometimes it seems that this year will never end; that the good times and fun that lie at the top of the hill, will never be reached.

Then, confident that we will win our just rewards and reach the goals for which we have started, we “Pack up our troubles in our old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile.” And so I say, “The road is long that leads to art.”

“Portraying bright and lovely things.”





"The hour before the dawn."



Junior Banquet and Prom

Ha! the Junior lads and lasses are a' buzzin' round so sly,
That we gather from their whispers, that the prom is drawin' nigh,
Tain't much that they will tell us, of the things they're goin' to do,
Yet they say the color scheme will be, the silver, gold and blue,
That they're feedin' us on dainties, for five full rounds, you bet,
And the "Steel City Jazz Hounds," will give our jints a whet.
They say it's goin' to be the best, that there has ever been,
And we're sure that they ain't lyin', 'cause they're workin' now like sin.
They say there'll be a hundred to enjoy the eats and dance,
And we're mighty glad that we're the honored ones to have the chance.
These things all make our leavin', so full of joy, but then,
It hain't so very funny, since we kain't come back again.
Here's to our Junior classmates, next year we hope that you,
May leave with feelings kindly, such as we're about to do.

"When the Folks Came Back"

Early in the year our classmates of the Class of '25, came back to visit us. They had planned that the evening should be one of novel features, which was always characteristic of their pep and spirit. The occasion was planned that they might present to the High School, their class gift, a picture.

This painting, "Six O'clock," is a painting which we are very proud to own, as it has been highly recommended by artists of note, and a full page reproduction of it, and its story was given in the Modern Arts Magazine. Its artist, Marques E. Reitzel, of the Studio School of Art, in Chicago, of the Springfield Art Museum, and of Rockford College, has received very honorable mention by Art Institutes in the United States and also Europe. The class was able to present Mr. Reitzel, with his painting, and he gave a very interesting talk on "The Three Phases of Art."

The remainder of the program consisted of musical numbers, readings and a one-act play.

We are proud to own such a picture, and are grateful to the Class of '25 for it.

*"Ring on, ye sorrowful voices,
The knell of the joys that have fled."*





Oh, the Busy Hours!

Work! work! work! Oh—yes, and work again
For busy are the hours
Of the busy Juniors reign.
Busy! busy! busy! like a busy honey-bee
Who day by day all summer long,
Bears honey o'er the lea.

Rest! rest! rest! Speak not of rest to us,
For unlike lazy bumble-bees
We're full of workfulness,
Study! study! study! until our brains are worn,
With work and care and worry,
Which cannot be foresworn.

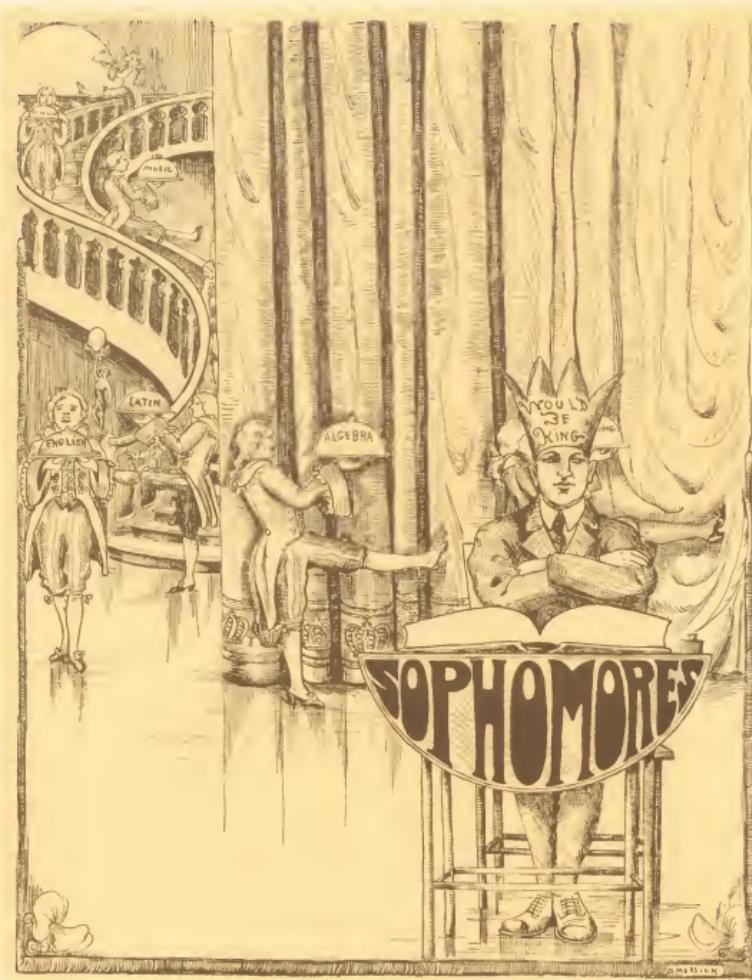
Play! play! play! We've forgotten how,
Since the Junior Prom is coming,
Bringing wrinkles to our brow.
Thinking! thinking! thinking! with all our might and main,
Of the work that lies before us,
Of the things we have to gain.

Cheer! cheer! cheer! for the work that they have done!
Since they left the rank of Sophomores,
And their Junior race have won.
Shout! shout! shout! acclaim the news to all,
Of the glory of the Juniors,
Whose brilliance does appall.

HELEN CLIFF.

"When my dreams come true—when my dreams come true."







The Class of 1928

Herbert Scharbach	-	-	-	President
Charles Klansen	-	-	-	Vice-president
Madaline Campbell	-	-	-	Secretary
Truth Trester	-	-	-	Treasurer
Motto	-	-	-	"We Will"
Colors	-	-	-	Red and White
Flower	-	-	-	Red and White Carnation
Sponsor	-	-	-	Miss Hunter

*"Yet I am happy, and would fain
Forget the world and all its woes."*

"Who's Who" in 1928

Madeline Ballantyne
Warren Boyd
Madeline Campbell
Helen Cliff
Ruth Cullman
Albert H. Ehrhardt
Charles Ekstedt
Elinor Ferren
Linden E. Holdeman
Ella Harris
Ralph Hawke
Marjorie James
Robert Lutz
Almabelle Mattix
Walter McAfee
George Melat
Isabel Mellon
Thomas Messick

Emma Mullinix
Ella Myers
Ruth Nelson
Walfred Nelson
Eli Price
Mary Price
Helen Ritter
Grace Rossow
Tuberin Ruchti
Harold Sandstrom
Herbert Scharbach
John Stewart
Marjorie Stevens
Marvin Swinenburg
Wilbur Thompson
Truth Trester
Alice VanLoon
Harold Wood

THE MUSES FORECAST

SOPHOMORES—"Goat" applies to those people who are in their second year in high school. Few people need to cultivate sobriety but you do. Although your sunny disposition has been very useful to yourself and others, many times it would have been better for you and all the rest had you been sober instead of frivolous; serious, instead of funny.

You have a sanguine temperament, your mental peculiarities are: Happy disposition, unreasonable, self-willed, tyrannical over Freshmen, in general very disagreeable, and require outdoor exercise. Feelings—animalistic.

Birthstone—blarney stone.

"Yes, they are fair, those boys and girls of ours."



"Sweet visions cheer thee brightly."



"And All Who Journey There, Must Bear Their Part"

We are Sophomores! Happy go lucky, self confident Sophomores! We believe that every class has some duty to perform, and willingly discharge ours, for what could be more to our taste than the pestering of Freshies? To be sure, we have lately departed from their ranks, but what matters that? Were we not laughed at, teased and joshed?

If anything goes wrong, of course the Sophomores are to blame! They and they alone, shoot paper wads, pit tacks on the teachers' chairs, chew gum and write notes. But we must bear our part, and while we sigh, grin.

Last year we gazed with awe upon the wonderful features and forms of the god-like Seniors and teachers, but since then, a great change has come over us. When we have discovered that perhaps teachers can be bluffed, when we have seen our adored Seniors slip and fall on an icy pavement, landing in the most ludicrous positions possible, what chance for idolatry is left?

But—"We must bear our parts," and so we hasten onward, laughing, chattering, playing, until a broader knowledge becomes ours, and we, at last, learn to work.

Oh, these Grand Old Times!

O, these grand old times! these grand old times!
When we dream of climbing to heights sublime;
We sit and we ponder, we idle, we muse,
And over our lessons we never enthuse,
We toss paper-wads, just for something to do,
'Cause we're just a break twixt the old and the new,
But these grand old times for me soon will pass,
It seems you know, we are needed nowhere,
For we're all headed for the busy Junior Class,
And that's just the reason we idle and stare,
We can't publish an Annual, give a Prom or a Play,
So we sit around unakin' mischief, they say.
We see no reason why we have to write poems,
And commit all those stanzas from Whittier and Holmes,
But we never mind this for at lessons we shy,
Because we're not lettin' these good times slip by.

TRUTH TRESTER '28

"A thought has fallen from the skies."



HOBART HIGH (10) MINUTE NOVELS

THE LIFE OF A SOPHOMORE

THE STORY OF AN INNOCENT
AND UNSUSPECTING YOUTH IN
SEARCH OF ADVENTURE!

HE'S TRYING TO GET INTO SOCIETY

READING
HIS FATHER'S
LITERATURE

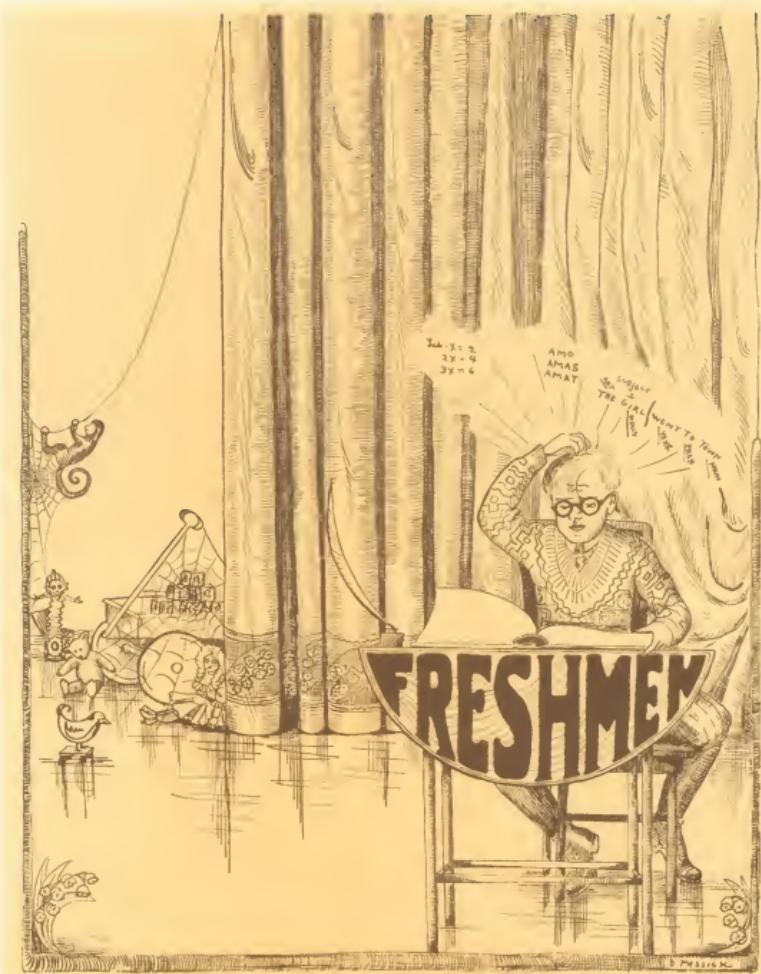
THE STORY BEGINS IN A BARBER SHOP

DO YOU WANT YOUR HAIR
CUT CLOSER?

SAY DO YOU
THINK I WANT
TO LOOK
LIKE A
GIRL?



"In my heart there lives a picture."





The Class of 1929

Maynard Argo	- - - - -	President
John Bracken	- - - - -	Vice-president
Mary VanLoon	- - - - -	Secretary
Leotta Flick	- - - - -	Treasurer
Motto	- - - - -	"Green, But Growing"
Colors	- - - - -	Green and White
Flower	- - - - -	Lily-of-the-Valley
Sponsors	- - - - -	Miss Stephens Mr. Johnson

"No pompous striving for the pose of fame."

“Who’s Who” in 1929

Maynard Argo
Marcella Anderer
Grace Blaenire
John Bracken
Blanche Bradley
Galon Burge
Norma Carlson
Ruth Carlson
Isabel Chandler
Mildred Chandler
Myra Darling
Vera Ellenberger
Leotta Flick
George Fraser
Edna Freidrich
Helen Gill
Helen Graham
Irving Gostomelsky
Helen Gresser
Velma Hooseline
Benjamin Howard
Thelma Johnson
Clayton Keilman
Lucy King
Lloyd Kleine

Helen Zobjeck

Robert McIver
Peter Marquart
Paul McClure
Kenneth McDonald
Minnie Miscevich
Doris Montoney
Mary Mneller
Ruth Nelson
Leroy Newman
Rose Pellegrini
Albert Przeniszmy
James Roper
Doris Rowe
Ebba Sandstrom
Howard Shults
Arthur Schwuchow
Myrtle Shults
Mary Souder
Magdeline Thyen
John Wanamaker
Emmice Werner
Bernice Westbay
Edward Westbay
Virgel Wilson
Mary VanLoon

THE MUSES FORECAST

FRESHMEN—Balance may be applied to you, for as you are weighed in September, you are usually found wanting. Your greatest need is veneration. Do what you are told to do. Veneration for your teachers, history notebooks, algebra and the established order of things.

Temperament—Nervous, or subject to spells of blues; timid, self-conscious, distrustful of upper classmen, yet hopeful. **Feelings**—emotional. **Disposition**—a minus quantity. **Tastes**—not noticeable.

Birthstone—emerald.

“Only a little green, I give into thy keeping.”



"That's for remembrance."

“Must Bear their Part and Wait”

Pity the poor, green Freshmen, subject to the crude jokes of the upper-classmen! The poor green Freshmen, whose ignorance is laughed at.

Our principal work seems to be “waiting.” We learn the rudiments of Latin, why x equals y, and we write themes consisting of sentences which contain two words each. We stand waiting on the street corners, hoping that some beloved Senior will pass our way, and deign to throw us a smile. We stand patiently waiting in the corridor. Everywhere we are waiting,—and are laughed at.

Our lot is hard, but we must wait until a year rolls by, and we become the so-called Sophomores. Despised everywhere! Jeered at by everyone! What can we do? Do I hear an answer? Ah, it is as I thought! Wait, wait, wait!

There is no work at present, that we are capable of performing. We have no history. We have nothing but a future, looming in the distance and for that, we must wait, wait, wait!

O, these Dear Old Days!

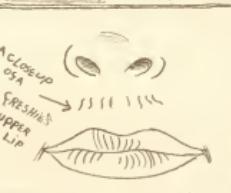
O, these dear old days! these dear old days!
When we with our blundering Freshmen ways,
Forget our assignments, and break every rule,
And are called the verdure of Hobart High School.
The verses we write are lacking in feet,
Our examples are faulty, our themes aren't neat,
But we'll stick to the job, and we'll carry it through,
And each time that we fail, we'll start in anew.
Then someday perhaps, great poets you'll see,
Not a Riley, of course,—that never could be;
But we'll give of our best, to each task that we meet,
And come then what may, it can't mean defeat.

*“The higher art in song of birds
I fain would give thee.”*

HOBART HIGH (15 MINUTE NOVELS)

THE LIFE OF A FRESHIE

IN FOURTEEN CHAPTERS
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED



"Somehow, somewhere, among our joys,
We find the things we cherish."





Eighth Grade

*"I've allins noticed great success
Is mixed with troubless more or less."*

We are the eighth graders. After innumerable trials and tribulations, we have attained the supreme elevation to which we have so long aspired. We realize the importance of our lofty position and the responsibility which it places upon us. By our sedate bearing and strict observance of the conventions, we strive to set a worthy example for the underclassmen, who look up to us for inspiration. We have begun to appreciate the vast accumulation of knowledge which we have so diligently acquired, and, after having overcome the subjunctive mood and the Pythagorean proposition, we, like Napoleon, pine for new worlds to conquer. If the reports of the Freshmen who have just tried to impress the Sophomores with their importance may be believed, we have not long to pine.

"Each day they show to us some wondrous gain."



Seventh Grade

"Jest do your best, and praise or blame
That follers that, counts just the same."

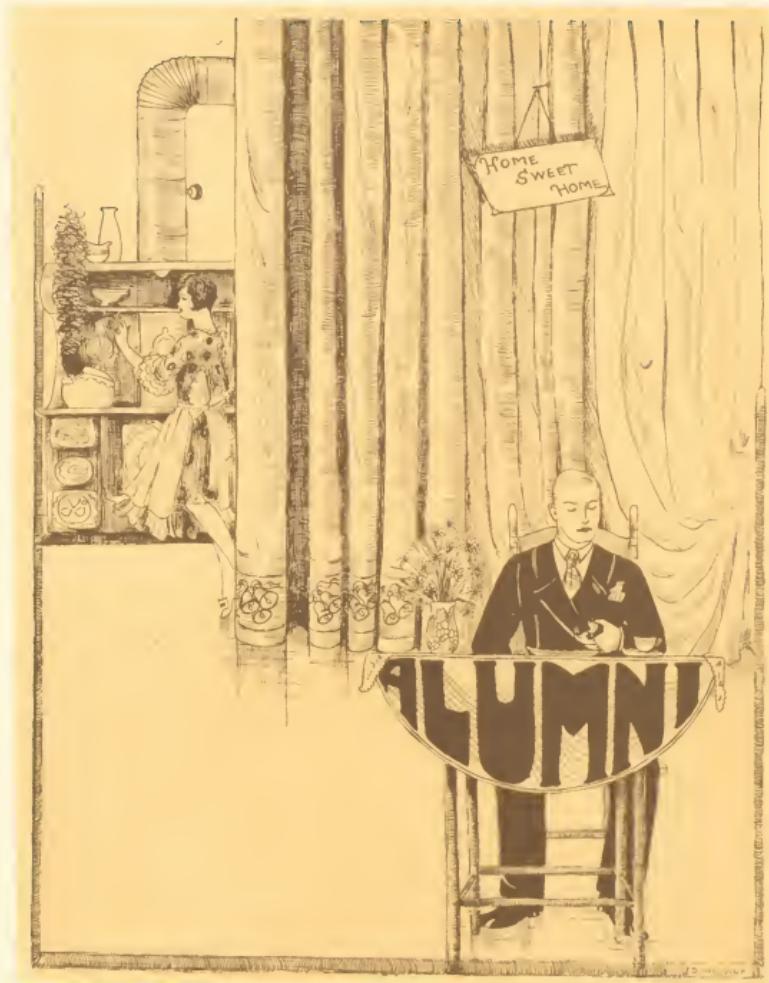
WE are the Seventh graders. We're the connecting link between the heights of the Eighth and the depths of the Sixth grade. Sometimes we think we must be the "missing link." We're either too young or too old to do anything interesting—too old and dignified for childish pranks, and too young for dances, dates, and unchaperoned theater parties.

Everything is eliminated except studying, and somehow that holds very little consolation for us. We detest the tyranny of clauses, decimals and constitutions. Life seems to be just one unanswered question after another. All the pleasant things have "don't" before them, and all the unpleasant things are preceded by "do." It may be true that praise or blame count just the same when one does one's best. Personally we'd like a little more of the praise and a little less of the blame.

"They have finished the lesson of patticake."



"In the truant ways of childhood."



To Our Alumni

HOBART High School is prouder of her Alumni than of anyone or anything else, connected with the institution. During the thirty-seven years that the high school has existed she has graduated four hundred and nine boys and girls. The ideal of the school has been to turn out boys and girls possessed of a good intellect, a strong body and the best of morals. The records made by our Alumni have shown that in the past the high school has largely attained her lofty purpose; that it has succeeded in imparting to its students the fact that man's true greatness is not measured by wealth, honor and fame, but by service rendered to fellow-men. May the ideal never lower.

The purpose of the organization has been, "the establishment of a permanent and efficient association, which would enable our Alumni to render effective service to the school, and which would nourish in every member an increasing loyalty and devotion to her ideals." In order to establish this bond of union, the Association maintains a medal fund. Each year the Senior who has made the highest scholarship rating for the entire four years, receives a medal as a reward. This has brought about an awakened interest in the high school.

One day is set aside for the Alumni every year, during Commencement week. The Alumni banquet and dance last year was perhaps the most successful on record. It is highly probable that the future celebration will be just as successful.

To our Alumni, we bow! We bow! We bow!



"We voyage off in quest of light."

"Thinkin' Back"

WHEN the writer came to Hobart in the latter part of August, 1886, to be principal and have charge of the school at its opening that fall, he came as a stranger to the community, a village of about seven hundred and fifty souls, and opened, on the first Monday in September, a school with three teachers and one hundred and sixty pupils. The pupils quite willingly and from their own volition, placed themselves in the respective eight grades, and quite naturally a weeding was not only needed, but resorted to with due caution. During the winter of 1886-87, a course of study was completely arranged along lines outlined by the schools of Hammond, Valparaiso and Goshen, the writer having attended the Goshen schools.

On June 20, 1887, Hobart School held its first Commencement, about a dozen completing the eighth grade, the proceeds amounting to \$17.80. This sum, with subscriptions, a total of \$28.30, was used to buy a new American flag, which later that spring, was raised over the schoolhouse at a public gathering, presided over by the late Wm. H. Rifenburg. This was the first flag to float over a public schoolhouse in Lake county, a fact cherished by every Hobartite.

In those days, township trustees were loath to supply teachers with anything but pupils, and Hobart township was no exception, having at that time, six schoolhouses to ten teachers. There were in the Hobart school, a splendid globe of the world and one United States map, donated by someone. The first library for the school was started in 1887, and on September 8, books costing \$38.26 were purchased, and the following April, \$20.79 for more, and so on. This money came from entertainments, fees and fines, from pupils and donations. H. E. Kern, a teacher, made a gift of thirty cents. The total receipts for the years 1887-8-9 and 90 amounted to \$174.89.

At the County Fair in the fall of 1887, Hobart school became the fourth competitor for honors, submitting bound examination manuscripts, which were graded for neatness, penmanship, and expression. The Hobart school was awarded the honors, as it was for two following years, when the plan was abandoned.

The second Commencement (eighth grade) was held on June 8, 1888, the proceeds amounting to \$10.30. Some of these pupils remained to start high school work in the fall, but about half a dozen chose to become teachers. While the work as planned lead up thereto, the first real high school work started in the fall of 1888, with about a dozen pupils, but only four survived to graduate, Carrie Banks in 1889, as the second-year high school graduate, and Grace Rifenburg Conroy, Mamie Jory and William Portmess in 1891, as

*"There is a memory that may not wholly fade away,
From our heart."*

fourth year high school graduates. Those pupils who wished were permitted to take much of the work as outlined for the first year high school, so that about half of the class graduating in 1888, had actually done first year high school work. The third commencement was held on May 31, 1889, and besides the eighth grade graduates, Carrie Banks was graduated as the first pupil in the Hobart High School, which was really accredited, but not commissioned, until some years later.

In the fall of 1889, a fifth teacher was added and as there were only four rooms in the building, an office was established by enclosing the landing at the west stairway, although provokingly small, it accommodated hearing advanced classes, numbering fewer than a half dozen. It was in November of this year that the first clock, costing \$1.25, and the first thermometer, costing fifteen cents, graced what was called the office, and where the "murmurs" were sent.

It might be news to some to learn that the Hobart School by establishing a high school course, became the high school of the township, and remained so, until the fall of 1913, when the town trustees were compelled to establish a school board which has since supervised. The establishment of the high school spurred the citizenship to incorporate as a town.

The standard of scholarship during the birth years of the high school, was most creditable, and a number finishing only the eighth grade, with a little private tutoring, became some of our most successful teachers.

Among those who attended the Hobart school throughout the high school periods of 1887-8, 1888-9, 1889-90, or parts thereof, as available records show, were Mary Banks, Belle Ammerman, John and Alex Ballantyne, Anna Brighten, Ida Lutz, Mamie Jory, Hettie Ryan, Lillian Stevens, Georgia Stearns, Carrie Banks, Grace Rifenburg, Mamie Hancock, Wm. Portness, Menta Mander, Howard Gordon, Emily Ammerman, Arthur Roper, Thomas Roper, Ben Butler, Paul Newman, Dan Scholler, Wm. Emerson, Ed Page, Lillie Johnson, Ida Peterson, Julia Butler, Annie Dwyer, Mike Kereis, Henry Hoberg, Frank Brock, Agnes Fiester, Harlen Stratton, Wm. Graves, Mande Rifenburg, Frank Butz, Fred Gordon, Carrie Scholler, Adrian Johnston, Fannie Smith, Jessie Bullock, Moses Bullock and Robert Scholler.

A. J. SMITH

"Be our fortunes as they may."



“Times 'as Changed”

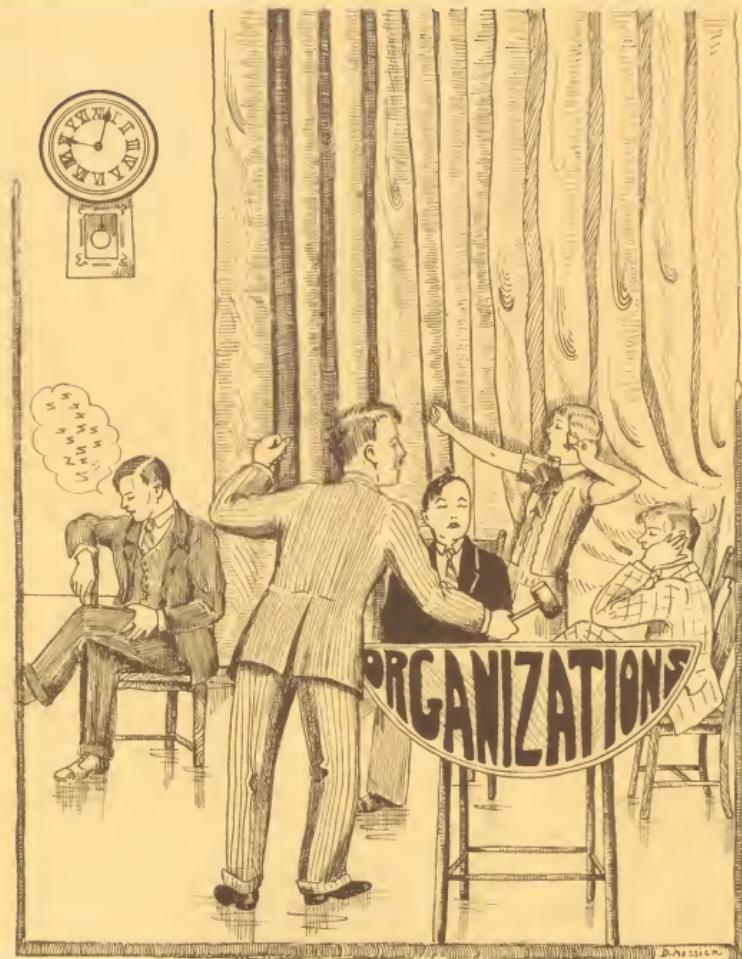
Sometimes I git to thinkin', 'bout how things used t' be,
And it ain't so very funny, since 'tis plain to see that we
Are growin' kinda ancient, fur in the Class this year,
We've children graduatin', and it gives us all a skeer.
Now when the kids gits all growed up, we'll take a seat way back,
Fur we kain't keep apace with them, they'll put us on the rack.
We wore them peg-top trousers, and them there derby hats,
Where now-a-days, the boys wear "bells," and gorgeous colored spats.
We took our girls out walkin', and sometimes to buggy-ride,
But now they take 'em flyverin', and to do the Charleston glide.
Our girls they wore bustles, an' a bushel or so o'rats,
And petticoats, say three or four, now what do ye think o' that?
But styles has changed since we wuz young, an' we've changed too, I guess,
Fur oftentimes I'm prone t' frown, an' feel I'm in distress.
I see my daughter don't wear much, but the shimmery gown so brief,
I wonder what we're comin' to, and then I feel relief.
Fur lo! I see her mother, come in all dressed up fine,
An' I notice much to my surprise, she's not behind the times.
Why goodness me! her hair is bobbed, I almost see her knees!
But then you see the times has changed, since we wuz buzzin' bees.
But we're all human bein's, an' if we have a cane,
It'll be just cause it is the style, an' not because we're lame.
So when I git t' thinkin', 'bout how things used t' be,
I just decide it's me that's changed, now don't you all agree?

“They walk here with us, hand in hand.”





*"Seems like a feller'd ort 'o jes' to-day,
Git down and roll and waller, don't you know."*





The Literary Society

IN January, 1926, a Literary Society was organized by a number of enthusiastic literary students. The purpose of this organization is to promote interest along literary lines in the school and to gain an insight into the modern literary field.

The charter members included six students of each class, thus making the total twenty-four. Out of this group the officers were elected: President, Edwin Scharbach; Vice-president, Tnberia Ruchti; Secretary, Dalia Messick; Treasurer, Herbert Scharbach.

Up to this time the membership has been open to any student of the High School, due to the fact that the organization was just in its infancy. However, for the next year, we hope to put this society on a scholarship basis.

During the semester several interesting programs were given and the enthusiasm which characterized each one proved that it is appreciated. Let us hope that it will long remain an interesting and beneficial factor in the future. Hobart High School.

*"You see, on'y thing on earth saved me
Was that 'Literary'."*



From left to right: First Row—Mary Mueller, Bernice Westbay.
Second Row—Ruth Nelson, Marcella Anderer, Ella Harris, Helen Zobjek, Ruth Carlson.
Third Row—Miss Stephens, Supervisor; Vera Ellenberger, Rose Pelligrini, Magdeline Thyen, Helen Graham, Norma Carlson.

Home Economics Club

WE stew, we spew, we sputter! But we do have good times! We do not mind the stewing, because we can do that in our laboratory, and if we make a mistake no one needs to know. But how we spew, when it comes to be the maid at those formal dinners, and how we sputter, as we attempt to be the pleasant host and hostess! Not so funny! But we're glad we've learned the art.

This year, too, we have introduced a Cafeteria, which is proving to be a very note-worthy addition to our school. The work and management is carried on solely by the members of the classes, and is sponsored by the Home Economics Club. The practical experience gives us a chance to use both the "common sense and art" of Home Economics.

*"But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feast upon strawberries, sugar and cream."*



Aurora Staff

Lucile Petersen	Editor-in-chief
Hardee Allen	Business Manager
William McAfee	Advertising Manager
William Bach	Advertising Assistant
Dalia Messick	Art Editor
Drusilla Belford	Literary Editor
Isabel Roper	Society Editor
Marjorie Lutz	Music Editor
Eva Holzmer	Snap Editor
Martha Amlong	Snap Editor (Ass't.)
Almira Wild	Calendar
William Messick	Sport Editor
Vance Reed	Joke Editor

*"Tired out! Yet face and brow
Do not look weary now."*



“What Happened to Jones”

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jones, who travels for a Hymn-book House	Charles Ekstedt
Ebenezer Goodley, A Professor of Anatomy	Hardee Allen
Antony Goodley, Bishop of Ballarat	Luther Carlson
Richard Heatherly, engaged to Marjorie	Charlie Klausen
Thomas Holder, A Policeman	William Wood
William Bigbee, An inmate of the Sanatorium	Roy Shearer
Henry Fuller, Superintendent of the Sanatorium	Wilbur Thompson
Mrs. Goodley, Ebenezer's Wife	Faye Wileox
Cissy, Ebenezer's Ward	Drusilla Belford
Marjorie	Almabell Mattix
Minerva,	Pauline Burris
Ebenezer's Daughters	
Alvina Starlight, Mrs. Goodley's Sister	Lillian Baumer
Helma, Swedish Servant Girl	Dalia Messick

*"But my sky-rocket hopes, hanging over the past,
Must fizzle and fizzle and fizzle at last."*



From left to right: First row—Madeline Campbell, Ebba Sandstrom, Virgel Wilson, Maynard Argo, Elizabeth Davis, Elizabeth Erickson, Isabel Chandler, George Fraser.

Second Row—Max Brand, Marjorie Lutz, Harold Sandstrom, Elsie Sandstrom, Isabel Roper, Kenneth McDonald, Dorothea Friedrich, Harry Coons.

Third Row—Drusilla Belford, Gordon Shore, Nicholas Havrilla, Frank Brown, Gordon Argo, Mr. Revelli, Director.

The High School Orchestra

SINCE the organization of the orchestra five years ago, its growth has been remarkable, until now, it is one of the most flourishing organizations in the high school. A great deal of interest was shown in it this year, after the second orchestra was organized, and its members were working laboriously in order to become expert and join this first one. At every school function, the orchestra features, always having new selections ready to present.

The orchestra class has worked hard to acquire such a high degree of perfection, and Mr. Revelli's untiring efforts have contributed greatly to its success. No doubt a brilliant future lies ahead of it.

*"A low sweet jangle of tangled bouzouki,
Danced in moondawn dales and downs."*



Clarinets—Nicholas Havrilla, Ben Brantigan, Wilbur Thompson, Harold Sandstrom, Walfred Nelson, Arthur Schuchow, William McAfee.

Cornets—Thomas Messick, John Stewart, John Wanamaker, William Wood, Max Brand, Linden Holdeman, Easterling Allen.

Trombones and Baritones—Gordon Argo, Frank Brown, Kenneth McDonald, Gordon Shore.

E Alto Horns and Saxaphones—Peter Marquart, Walter McAfee, Harold Wood, Harold Heyer, Warren Boyd, Ralph Hawke, Robert Lutz.

Bass and Snare Drums—William Messick, Maynard Argo, Carl Scheid.

Sousaphone—Harry Coons. Drum Major—Nicholas Havrilla.

Hobart High School Band

TOOT toot! Boom boom! Twa twa! 'Tis the Hobart High School Band, which was organized in the fall of 1925, by our Music Director, Mr. Revelli, and now has thirty-two members. When organized there were only five of this number who had ever played any instrument. Instruments were purchased and work began in earnest. Only the interest and perseverance manifest by the personnel made possible its appearance in a month. All the organizations in the school have helped the band make its mark and by this hearty co-operation, it was outfitted in uniforms for its first real concert, January 17th. It has added pep to all our Basket Ball games. It has given concerts in other cities, and will enter the Lake County Dramatic and Choral Contest.

*"Then with sound as profound as the thunderings resound,
Come thy wild reverberations in the throe that shakes the ground."*



From left to right: First Row—Mr. Revelli, Director, Maria Friedrich, Martha Amlong, Dalia Messick, Isabel Roper, Mildred Chandler, Marjorie Lutz, Isabel Chand'ler. Second Row—Marian Jackson, Dorothy Dunning, Myra Darling, Leotta Flick, Truth Trester, Elinor Ferren, Bernice Westbay. Third Row—Harry Coons, accompanist; Madeline Campbell, Vera Ellenberger, Blanche Bradley, Lucy King, Alice VanLoon, Marcella Kruse, Helen Gresser.

The Nightingale Club

THE Nightingale Club is not a new organization in our High School, but it was reorganized at the beginning of the school year. Since its organization, it has had as its aim, the cultivation of musical inclination and ability among the girls, and in this it has succeeded very well.

On January 17, the club was presented to the public, as a special feature at the Band Concert. They were accredited as artists, as well as their director, Mr. Revelli.

Without a doubt from now on, the Nightingales will be a permanent organization of the Hobart High School.

*"The mid-night is not more bewildering
Than the sound of dim, sweet singing voices."*



From left to right: First Row—Marjorie Lutz, Accompanist; Walter McAfee, Peter Marquart, William Messick, Warren Boyd, Galon Burge.
Second Row—Mr. Revelli, Director, Wilbur Thompson, Max Brand, Harry Coons, Frank Brown, Herbert Scharbach, Edwin E. Scharbach.

The Caw Caw Club

THE name does not indicate the kind of music they produce, of that we are sure, but somewhere in the annals of history they have been so dubbed. The Caw Caw Club was organized several years ago, but was again brought to life, to increase the desire and interest in singing among the boys of the High School. In this their "cawing" has been successful, for they have appeared on several programs during the year. One may also note the faces of many students who have never been seen heretofore in any of our entertainments.

We hope the good work will continue, and that their number will increase in the future.

*"A murmuring of rhythmic words,
Adrift on tunes melodious."*



Bel Canto Chorus

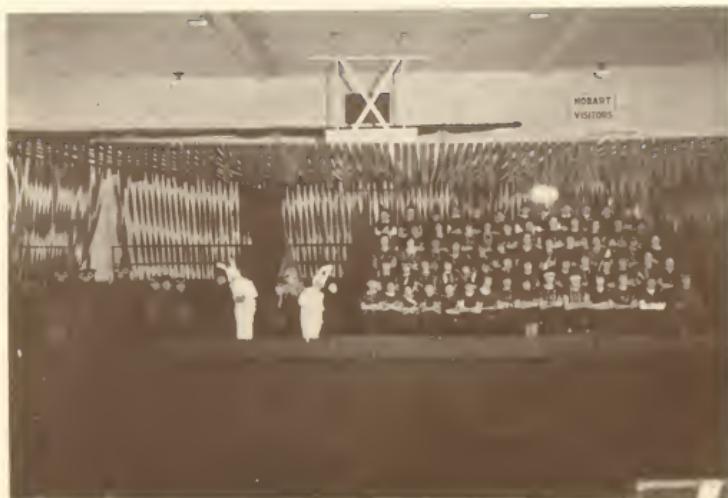
THE Bel Canto Chorus of 1925-26, is a new organization in the High School. It was organized at the beginning of the first semester with about sixty members. Bel Canto made its first appearance on October 17, when the Class of '25 presented the High School with a painting as their class gift.

A great variety of music has been studied, and the following will suggest some of the difficult types which this chorus has been able to interpret: "Barefoot Trail," "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," "Bells of St. Mary's," "Maria Maria," and "Who Knows What the Bells Say?"

This society will present a Musical Comedy during Commencement Week and "Pickles" has been selected. This production will be staged in our Auditorium, and the cast will be selected from the Bel Canto Society, and our Orchestra will furnish the accompaniment.

So it goes to say that our Music Department has shown signs of progress this year.

*"A choir of mystic voices flinging echoes,
Through the haunted atmosphere."*



"Hiawatha"—Junior High Operetta

THE Junior High students have started another precedent this year by presenting an operetta, and a worthy precedent have they made it. The cantata, "Childhood of Hiawatha," was chosen as the score, and the fact that the number at this time had neither speaking lines, orchestration, dance nor costume directions, did not deter them or their courageous leaders. The words were supplied, the costumes were designed and made under the direction of some of the teachers, and as a crowning feat, a selected group from the High School Orchestra rendered its own orchestration under the direction of Mr. Revelli.

On Wednesday, December 23, the cast of three principals and a chorus of seventy, gave the presentation in Roosevelt Gym. The cast was selected from the sixth, seventh and eighth grades, with the assistance of a few from the second grades, who impersonated the animals beloved by Hiawatha. The lines were clever, the costumes unique, the dances entertaining, and the music tuneful. But the musical numbers, we feel, were especially artistic, ranking well above the Junior High standard in this respect.

So it was, indeed, a worthy precedent and renders the future Junior High a worthy challenge.

"And with joy we drank the music."

"A Backward Look"

Monday, Sept. 7. We were peepin' round the corners, just to see our teachers, dear.
 Tuesday, Sept. 8. Behold the freshies "All that glitters is not gold." The new teachers
 duly criticised.
 Wednesday, Sept. 9. Hardee Allen begins to study. We were so overcome, that we were
 given the afternoon off.
 Thursday, Sept. 10. Hopes of romances vanish, when Mr. Baker changes our assembly seats.
 Friday, Sept. 11. An outward calm prevailed! We will rest our brain until Monday.
 Monday, Sept. 14. Full day of work. Everyone takes their Monday's snooze.
 Tuesday, Sept. 15. First Senior class meeting. Some weighty problems discussed. Bill
 McAfee is elected again.
 Wednesday, Sept. 16. Ella Myers breaks the speed limits and upsets in the Assembly.
 Thursday, Sept. 17. Convocation. Faculty frolic. "You ort to see 'em in bathin' suits."
 Friday, Sept. 18. Classes adopt "Tapas and Mamas." Juniors love their "Pap" Lawler.
 Monday, Sept. 21. Vera Ellenberger begins her lemon-juice diet.
 Tuesday, Sept. 22. Second Senior Class meeting. Mr. Orr sends greetings from "The Queen"
 and him. If we wonder, he still has his double orders!
 Wednesday, Sept. 23. Miss Brand walks into assembly unnoticed.
 Thursday, Sept. 24. Lucile Peterson is blessed with the job of publishing "The Aurora."
 while Hardee Allen raises the kale.
 Friday, Sept. 25. Hobart High School "Chickens" take first prize at County Fair.
 Monday, Sept. 28. A dead old day.
 Tuesday, Sept. 29. Another case in progress of development. Ralph Hawke tells Minnie
 Miscevich that she has more sense than any other girl in school.
 Wednesday, Sept. 30. Ed Scharbach, tells Miss Hunter in Latin Class that "When he clasped
 her hands, he felt her fingers.
 Thursday, Oct. 1. Mysterious vocal sounds rend the air. The halls reek with the odor of
 fried onions. "The end of a perfect day."
 Friday, Oct. 2. "There's Music in the Air" at convocation. Bill and Alice lead in yellin'.
 Teachers get paid. The Amazon opens up, as they all pay for their meal tickets.
 Monday, Oct. 5. Teachers all get marcel and attend the Reading Club party. Farewell
 for Emily Shoemaker. It's a bare life!
 Tuesday, Oct. 6. First Annual Staff meeting. Our troubles begin.
 Wednesday, Oct. 7. Mr. Maxwell's band parades their voices around the campus. John Myers
 falls in the feet of the assembly, when attempting to ascend the stage.
 Thursday, Oct. 8. Donald Lee comes to school with a black eye. Who is she, Smokey? An-
 nual Staff meets again.
 Friday, Oct. 9. Visitors from Crown Point. Eli Price is seen powdering his nose. Mr.
 Lawler has started his quiz epidemic.
 Monday, Oct. 12. Mr. Revelli and his Band take their "daily dozen." Have you seen Max-
 well's band? They never sell a ticket.
 Tuesday, Oct. 13. "Dumb-bells exercise." Exams.
 Wednesday, Oct. 14. More exams. Grace Blaemire, Ella Harris, Maynard Arko and Claudia
 Shannon assume the attitude of students.
 Thursday, Oct. 15. Harry Coons is seen cultivating teachers. Too late, Harry, your paper
 is graded.
 Friday, Oct. 16. "Nothin' to say."
 Monday, Oct. 19. We meet our Indiana Authors a la book reports. They were surely "An
 autumnal tonic."
 Tuesday, Oct. 20. Fire Marshal gives us "A passing hall!" He appoints us all his deputies.
 The freshies purchase asbestos union-suits. They surely believe in "Preparedness."
 Wednesday, Oct. 21. Seniors begin their Annual Howlin. "All about the Senior Class. Get
 a book! get a book! get a book!" Report cards were given out. Several were "Dis-
 couraging Models."
 Thursday, Oct. 22. "Romancin" is startin' in. Many notes land in the dead letter office.
 Elizabeth Watkins visits school.
 Friday, Oct. 23. Wasn't our snake dance snakey? Elna Paxton and Kathryn Grimm are
 back from "Collegia." First game of the season, with Crisman. "Wet weather talk."
 The girls lose, but the boys were true assassins.
 Monday, Oct. 26. News Editor delivers some "Plain Sermons." Staff finally gets notes in
 Tuesday, Oct. 27. Hallowe'en party discussed. Mr. Baker appoints the ghost committee.
 Wednesday, Oct. 28. "We lift our hearts and voices in gratefulness" for the school notes
 are in at last.



Sept. 7



Sept. 10



Sept. 21

"Tis a fragrant retrospection."



Oct. 22

Thursday, Oct. 29. Committees are meeting. Miss Stephens issues the call for "punkins." Several freshies and a few Sophies, respond.

Friday, Oct. 30. Dr. Friedrich lectures on cigarettes, and one girl faints. We journey to Knox but they weren't hard Knox. We win the tea-bone steaks.

Saturday, Oct. 31. "You better mind yer parunts, an' yer teachurs fond an' dear"—Er the people uns 'till now. The party was a spooky one.

Monday, Nov. 2. Rain, rain, rain! The ginoine ar-tickle too.

Tuesday, Nov. 3. Seniors journey to Mr. Grabil's to have their pictures "tuck." They remind us of a "Circus-day parade."

Wednesday, Nov. 4. John Campbell visits school. Ah! "Them flowers" on his vest were just like real ones, but it's the latest "winter fancy."

Thursday, Nov. 5. Harold Surman quits school. "Someday" he'll be sorry. "We are not always glad when we smile." As we are today, 'cause we get a vacation tomorrow.

Friday, Nov. 6. The teachers will fly to Indiana Harbor, to Institute. They're quite charmin' in their new clothes and complexions.

Monday, Nov. 9. Brothers Mellon and Hawke (ex 25) call on us, and "Low the old times were the best." The Band begins to "shuck and shither" these windy days, so Mr. Coone gives a benefit Movie to help get 'em suits.

Tuesday, Nov. 10. The Annual Staff hold prayer meetin' for ideas for the Aurora. Vera Ellenberger is seen flirting with Mr. Lawler in the study hall.

Wednesday, Nov. 11. We help celebrate in the afternoon, and march to the park, and hear Mr. Barron recite "The Interpretation of our Star Spangled Banner." Mr. Revelli delivers one of his "Plain sermons" to 'em, at next rehearsal.

Thursday, Nov. 12. The caste of "What Happened to Jones" have dress rehearsal. You couldn't tell what happened to him from it either.

Friday, Nov. 13. The play wasn't so bad. The music was fine. Aren't we proud of our orchestra?

Saturday, Nov. 14. The caste wasn't able to show "What happened to Jones," last night, so they are tryin' to complete the task to-night.

Monday, Nov. 16. Chorus (B. B.) is still actin' and a cuttin' up. We had fire drill. Everybody got out alive in thirty seconds.

Tuesday, Nov. 17. Book reports????? Those question marks are for what we think. "We never talk back." Another fire drill. We must be expectin' to have a real one soon.

Wednesday, Nov. 18. Another fire drill. We'll soon need an adding machine to keep track of 'em.

Thursday, Nov. 19. Someone snores in the assembly. "A life term" would be given the culprit if the termie could catch him.

Friday, Nov. 20. Whoopin! We slipped up on Knox, 32-21.

Saturday, Nov. 21. We went to Hammond to see our B. B. boys show 'em a thing 'er two, but "we to sigh instead of sing."

Monday, Nov. 23. "Far into the night, and yet no rest for us." Exams are in bud.

Tuesday, Nov. 24. Annual Staff had their pictures taken and we had to pretend we were workin'. Bill Messick faints in the attempt.

Wednesday, Nov. 25. Convocation to honor the turkey's last gobble. Whiting beats us. The phone quartette makes its bow to the public. They played quite "A dos't o' blues."

Thursday, Nov. 26. Turkey an dressin' an' cranberries an' everthing.

Friday, Nov. 17. Cold turkey.

Saturday, Nov. 28. Pressed turkey.

Sunday, Nov. 29. We recite "Old Mother Hubbard."

Monday, Nov. 30. "Our old friends never fail," the teachers, make all train connections and are back on time. WE can't "displain it."

Tuesday, Dec. 1. Teachers Meeting. Department grades ! ! ! I wonder who's been "throwin' them p's."

Wednesday, Dec. 2. Report cards are given out. It was "red letter day for some." We hate to mention names lest we'd make Grace Blaemire mad.

Thursday, Dec. 3. Staff Meeting again. The Aurora was dedicated, but we won't tell "The way it wuz."

Friday, Dec. 4. Honor roll published. Hardee Allen growth because he gets only 94 in English.

Monday, Dec. 7. The death of John Stewart is mourned by his many friends. We were turned to "Gladness" when we learn it wasn't our John, but a colored namesake of his.

Tuesday, Dec. 8. Gordon Argo begins to advertise for suggestions on "What girls like for Christmas."

Wednesday, Dec. 9. Tom Mossick's promenades about the assembly hall, until he gets all "tired out," and decides to behave.



Nov. 3



Nov. 10



Nov. 19



Nov. 25

"For I find an extra flavor in Memory's mellow wine."

Thursday, Dec. 10. Girls B. B. tournament. Seniors and Juniors win.
 Friday, Dec. 11. Senior English Class give a debate before the assembly. Bill beats Drusilla and she gets a present. Winners are presented with a bunch of "garden glow."
 Saturday, Dec. 12. Lutz gets the bouquet.
 Monday, Dec. 14. The "Muster roll" seems to be the latest fad.
 Tuesday, Dec. 15. Home Ec. Class entertain teachers at lunch and are surprised at their table manners.
 Wednesday, Dec. 16. George Murray presents the latest in corduroys. Are they dirty or is that the style?
 Thursday, Dec. 17. More dirty pants, with pictures all over 'em. Mr. Baker reads to us from the Bible about "Elf". He is no relation to our Elf tho.
 Friday, Dec. 18. The Christmas Spirit prevails. Teachers are caught "Kissing the rod" 'till after Christmas.
 Monday, Dec. 21. "The used-to-be's" visit. They are back from being finished, and think we are very green.
 Tuesday, Dec. 22. Community Christmas Tree. Uncle Bill was Santa. Mr. Dickey helped him pass out the candy. Wonder Why?
 Wednesday, Dec. 23. Christmas convocation. Mr. Lawler gets some useful gifts. A playboy is given and John Stewart starred as the New Years Babe. Our First High School Dance "Chape" wouldn't let us Charleston tho. Mr. Revelli and his Saxophone Hounds furnished the music.
 Monday, Jan. 4. "Say hello and howdy-do." Let this New Year be as happy as the Old.
 Tuesday, Jan. 5. Teachers spring various Christmas gifts. Miss Hunter wears the inevitable smile and diamond and goes back to Chi every night. Mr. Lawler has a new moustache, or we think that is what it is.
 Wednesday, Jan. 7. Miss Naegle has her usual Wednesday night date.
 Thursday, Jan. 8. The brown Points Firsts and Seconds, give us a belated Christmas gift. We win by golly, we win.
 Friday, Jan. 9. Our snappy snap editors are snapping. Mr. Lawler succeeds in getting his lip clean.
 Monday, Jan. 11. Mr. Revelli takes Mr. Dickey for a loiterer in the hall and "Bawls him out." The Hobart News published the following the next day: "Our Music Supervisor is confined to his room because of serious illness."
 Tuesday, Jan. 12. The Band is rehearsing for its Concert, when it will show its new suits. Womanless Wedding. "Us Girls" are glad we didn't have anything to do with it.
 Wednesday, Jan. 13. Semester exams to-morrow. "We're home at night" these days.
 Thursday, Jan. 14. Behold the new sousaphone! Semester exemptions published. Ralph Hawke weeps when he sees his name on the list.
 Friday, Jan. 15. Band Concert. "Ain't we proud of it?" Those new suits are the answers to our "Prayer perfect."
 Monday, Jan. 18. Second term begins. "Let us Forget." Upper-classmen decree that the girls shall address them as Mr. and Miss.
 Tuesday, Jan. 19. Mr. Dickey addresses the Assembly, on "Somep'n common like," guess it was meeting our dates in the library.
 Wednesday, Jan. 20. Gladys Olson makes her Debut in Community Hall, with the aid of a seven piece orchestra.
 Thursday, Jan. 21. Emma Mullinix married "Mr. What's-His-Name." May she never cease to be uncomforted.
 Friday, Jan. 22. Jim Hawke and his antiques of '25, give us a dance.
 Monday, Jan. 25. Hawke and all deliver lectures on "The hereafter," all because we are rather daunty, doncha know?
 Tuesday, Jan. 26. Literary Society meets and adds some more to the "chosen few."
 Wednesday, Jan. 27. Someone stole Alice VanLoon's shocking socks. It must have been Mr. Dickey as he is the only one they could fit.
 Thursday, Jan. 28. Mr. Baker is limping, and explains that in harvesting his cornest corn, he almost removed his toe.
 Friday, Jan. 29. Miss Stephens and her Kitchen Mechanics go to the Stock Yards in Chi. We hope they return okeh.
 Monday, Feb. 1. "As I sit in the silence" I hear nothing save the Giggle of Maynard Argo. "Whatever the weather may be," matters little to me, for I am in need of some of the morphous stuff.
 Tuesday, Feb. 2. William Wood gives up and admits he cannot grow a moustache. The soil was too poor.
 Wednesday, Feb. 3. Freshmen blossom forth without ties. It happens this way freshies in "The land of Thus and so."



Dec. 7



Dec. 14



Dec. 23



Jan. 15

"The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise."

Thursday, Feb. 4. William Messick ~~said~~ ^{positively} ~~that~~ ^{he} knows he could get lastin'.
 If he had five more years at it.
 Friday, Feb. 5. Slim Arce only got three notes this afternoon.
 Monday, Feb. 8. The 200th GIRLS, Grace Rossow and Eunice Werner 159th boy, up to date, John Stewart.
 Tuesday, Feb. 9. One freshie found cryin', and says "He wants to be whut mother is."
 Wednesday, Feb. 10. Marcelin Kruse was tardy this morning, because she forgot her gun, and had to go home for it.
 Thursday, Feb. 11. Roy Floryer and Luther Carlson fall down as they are mastering the Colonial Minuet. They made a great impression.
 Friday, Feb. 12. It's Mr. Revelli's and Mr. Lincoln's Birthday. Let's stand and sing two verses of "The Star Spangled Banner."
 Monday, Feb. 15. The Annual goes to press, the Staff goes insane. After this we hope we tell the truth. "God Bless U's Every One."
 Tuesday, Feb. 16. The Public Speaking Class is still preparing their rough sketch for Washington's Birthday.
 Wednesday, Feb. 17. Mr. Lawler appears in a red necktie, and zebra socks.
 Thursday, Feb. 18. Mr. Dickay came to school in a new toupee, and all the girls wondered who the good-looking new student was.
 Friday, Feb. 19. Evelyn Hancock forgot to ask if we thought she had a goiter.
 Monday, Feb. 22. The praise due the Public Speaking Class remained "unspoken," after they were through honoring "George."
 Tuesday, Feb. 23. Drummer Bill Messick, reports late at band rehearsal, and states he has a sore arm.
 Wednesday, Feb. 24. The Dramatic Contest is on. Bill McAfee hates to enter test he discourage some of the other boys.
 Thursday, Feb. 25. Max Bland published a very interesting pamphlet "On how to get through school in six years."
 Friday, Feb. 26. Hardee Allen says he is sure he will be in the Senior play.
 Monday, March 1. Seniors start play rehearsals. Gordon and Isabel are delighted with their prospects for getting out of nights.
 Tuesday, March 2. Basket Ball season is over, and Sheik says he can concentrate upon "Art and love" now.
 Wednesday, March 3. Almabelle, Drusilla and Bill Messick render "When we three meet," very pathetically.
 Thursday, March 4. Miss Fetterer keeps the Assembly, and thinks the children very ill-bred, as they ate candy and never passed her any.
 Friday, March 5. Mr. Nuzzum is suffering from "rheumatiz" after paddling sixty culprits yesterday.
 Monday, March 8. This reminds us "When early March seems middle May."
 Tuesday, March 9. George Murray and Bud Mellon suffer from a terrible burn "While Cigarettes to Ashes Turn," in their pockets. Who said coach was comin'?
 Wednesday, March 10. A windy day, and colored scene. No we didn't mention Blanche Bradley's hose!
 Thursday, March 11. We forgot to say that the groundhog and Truth Trester saw their "shadars," Feb. 2.
 Friday, March 12. Convocation. Mary Souder too dances before the Assembly.
 Monday, March 15. Juniors may give us a Banquet and dance, yet we are not sure. We saw Ed Scharbach manuring his nails today, which may be a good sign.
 Tuesday, March 16. Harry Coons tries writing poetry for English class, but is told it is "A dity of no tone."
 Wednesday, March 17. The Irish hold their Annual Celebration for "Pat" in the Gym. The McAfees, Murrays, Brantigans, attend.
 Thursday, March 18. Wagon tracks, foot-prints, and condensed steam at Knapp's fire sale. Albert Ehrhardt forgets to call.
 Friday, March 19. The new cradles for the freshies have arrived. Miss Hunter is kept busy.
 Monday, March 22. Evelyn Hancock never asked a question today.
 Tuesday, March 23. Good news about "The Aurora," as the staff is smilin'.
 Wednesday, March 24. Lucile Peterson accuses John Stewart of having taken her poetry away from her. It was a sonnet, "My Laddie WI the basiful grace."
 Thursday, March 25. Eva Carlson, Florence Holzman, Almira Wild and Dorothy Dunning, were entertained in Physics class by "most" everything today.



Jan. 15



Feb. 9



Feb. 11



March 3

"Nay let me believe in all the blended false and true."

Friday, March 26. Tuberia Ruchti and Ruth Nelson make their usual excursion to Mr. Baker's office. They claim it's for help on Geometry.

Monday, March 29. Ed Bartos was up in the air to-day and took pictures "From a Balloon."

Ed is preparing his term theme for physics, and was doing some research work.

Tuesday, March 30. Spring has "come," for Linden Holdeman, Ralph Hawke, Lloyd Klein, & Kenneth McDonald, are all seen down by "The old swimmin' hole."

Wednesday, March 31. Seniors say their play will bring the audience to tears. We don't doubt it.

Thursday, April 1. Teachers give everyone a perfect grade, and everyone has his lesson.

APRIL FOOL.

Friday, April 2. Mr. Revelli is startin' his Operetta, "Pickles." It sounds sour doesn't it?

Monday, April 5. Ho! Ho! "A hint of Spring." Tom Messick calls Lucy King his "Little Girlie-Girl."

Tuesday, April 5. Ed Westbay writes a new song entitled, "My love's as broad as long," dedicating it to Doris Montoney.

Wednesday, April 7. Slim and Izzy are seen "Apart." What can the matter be?

Thursday, April 8. Kenneth McDonald falls down stairs. He looks like "A little dead man," but he ain't.

Friday, April 9. Lillian Baumer tells "Why she does not have her hair bobbed. "A sermon from the 'Lily' as it were.

Monday, April 12. Mrs. Lawler gives a talk in Convocation "On the evils of dancing." "He's a Hoer-harter," for sure.

Tuesday, April 13. "Dot needle boy." Robert Boyd wears his first long trousers.

Wednesday, April 14. To-day is just like Christmas. It started in the morning.

Thursday, April 15. Home Ec. Girls prove themselves good cooks. Mr. Dickey says, "He guesses he'll take another piece of that air pie."

Friday, April 16. "For lands sake" call Dr. Friedrick. "A boy has fallen from the swing and maybe killed himself."

Monday, April 19. Seniors are heard to remark, "How fur, how fur, is it from here, to the land of happiness?"

Tuesday, April 20. These gingham dresses of the sewing class almost dazzle me.

Wednesday, April 21. Walfred Nelson sings before the Assembly. "A slender thread of song in saddest tune," as it were.

Thursday, April 22. Seniors have dress rehearsal for their Class Play. Knocking Knees supplied the trap drums.

Friday, April 23. The play must have been good. A man died from "daughter holding both his sides."

Monday, April 24. Remember "Way back" when Eddie Scharbach had a girl?

Tuesday, April 25. Who said Warren Boyd had a mellow voice?

Thursday, April 29. Rose Pellegrini has a boyish bob.

Friday, April 30. "Cocky Sandstorm fell up stairs this morning in his hurry to start his morning tasks.

Monday, May 3. The Band gives a concert in the M. E. Church.

Tuesday, May 4. Robert McIver has joined "The House of David." At last his curls are as long as enough.

Wednesday, May 5. "Mind yer P's and Q's," fer exemption is comin'.

Thursday, May 6. Mr. Revelli says, "That Mary wuz fond of dancin' and got a fiddler fer a husband."

Friday, May 7. Miss Stephens appears with a marcel.

Monday, May 7. We're recallin' "When the green gits back on the Trees."

Tuesday, May 11. Miss Hunter sings for the Assembly, "Out in the Arizona sunshine, I'm goin' honey-moonin'."

Wednesday, May 12. "A voice from the farm" calls Miss Naegele.

Thursday, May 13. Juniors are gettin' the vegetables ready for the soup for the Junior-Senior Banquet.

Friday, May 14. Several were seen "Down around the river" today.

Monday, May 17. Mr. Revelli is serving us "Pickles" today. It surely was spicy.

Tuesday, May 18. We're havin' more of the Musical Relish. They surely know how to Operette.

Wednesday, May 19. The Alumni show us how to do the Charleston, out at Miller Beach.

Thursday, May 20. The Juniors feed us and dance us. Great times.

Friday, May 21. Concert night. Dr. Roscoe Gilmore Stott told the Seniors a thing or two. All is over. The Seniors don't know whether to say "Good-bye er Howdy-do."



April 1



April 2



May 4
"I take some things, or let 'em be."



May 21



Our Indiana Authors

A PUBLICATION dedicated to Indiana Authors would be quite incomplete without a section devoted exclusively to them. Hoosier men and women of letters have taken a leading part in the literature of the modern world. We all know of such works as "Ben Hur," "Alice of Old Vincennes," "Freckles," "The Old Swimin' Hole," "Penrod," "The House of a Thousand Candles," and many others—but few of us have stopped to consider the folks who wrote them.

The following twenty-four pages are devoted entirely to getting us acquainted with some of these folks whose works we know so well. In these pages you will find articles written by friends giving us interesting sidelights on the lives of the ones we honor as well as actual manuscripts and reproductions of manuscripts by some of the authors themselves. For convenience in referring to them we list the articles below without additional comment, believing that the writings and pictures themselves will tell their own story.

1. "A Tribute to Indiana Authors," by Henry Noble Sherwood, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.
2. A letter from George Ade, author, playwright and humorist.
3. A letter from John T. McCutcheon, cartoonist and author.
4. "The Art of Public Speaking," by Albert J. Beveridge, lawyer, senator and author.
5. "How It All Began," by Elmer Davis, author and contributor to magazines.
6. "Edward Eggleston's Boyhood," by Mrs. Julia L. Gordon, granddaughter of Indiana's first school teacher.
7. "Youth Marches Onward," by Harold Morton Kramer, International Lyceum lecturer and author.
8. "Ain't God Good to Indiana?" by William Herschell, poet and contributor to the Indianapolis News.
9. "Charles Major," by Warren Bigler, President of the Indiana State School for the Deaf.
10. "High School Animals," by Roscoe Gilmore Stott, Redpath lecturer, poet and author.
11. "Springs I Have Known," by Kate Milner Rabb, author and contributor to the Indianapolis Star.
12. "Gene Stratton Porter," by Mrs. Oscar M. Pittenger, Federation Director Indiana Federation of Women's Clubs.
13. "The Life of Maurice Thompson," by Emmerson E. Ballard, Law Book Editor and public lecturer.
14. "Maurice Thompson, the Fisherman," by General Lew Wallace, army officer, diplomat and author.
15. "A Tribute to Lew Wallace," by Charles M. McCabe, lawyer, former President of the Indiana Bar Association.
16. "Riley as a Story Teller," by Meredith Nicholson, novelist.
17. "An Appreciation," by William Hough, member Indiana Tax Board Commission.
18. Full page reproductions of James Whitcomb Riley's poem, "Out to Old Aunt Mary's."

*"All things are perfect to their perfect end,
From perfect cause, imperfect cannot come."*



Henry Noble Sherwood

A Tribute to Indiana Authors

SONS and daughters of the commonwealth of Indiana have received fame and honor in many fields of human endeavor. The attention of the nation has many times been focused on Hoosierdom, but perhaps no single group of distinguished Hoosiers has brought as much recognition to Indiana as has the state's literati.

Indiana's men of letters are characteristic of the state in other spheres of influence. Their writings have been from the heart. They have expressed in poem and prose, in song and verse, the hopes, the desires, the dreams, the ideals of Hoosierdom. They have portrayed Indiana in its true light, a commonwealth of home-loving, liberty-seeking, life-giving, and soul-living people.

We cannot do too much to honor these men and women who have won a place of distinction for Indiana on the literary map of the world. We should study their lives and their works. We should encourage the literary efforts of our students, to the end that Indiana may retain her place of distinction in the world of literature.

Henry Noble Sherwood

"What constitutes a state? High-minded men."



George Ade

Miss Lucile Peterson, Editor of "Aurora,"
Hobart City School.
Hobart, Indiana.

My Dear Miss Peterson:

I recall that Purdue University was very excited and very proud, back in 1889, when the Senior Class issued the first annual. John McCutcheon, now famous as a cartoonist, author, traveler and war correspondent, was one of the editors of the book. I had taken my degree but was living near the University and was a contributor. We thought it was a great achievement for a class to get out a book.

No one dreamed in those days that an ambitious high school could have its own gymnasium and football team and baseball team and track team and yell leaders and annuals published by the Seniors. I have no doubt that the book about to be put out by the Senior Class at Hobart High will be a larger and more attractive volume than we issued at Lafayette when McCutcheon was a Senior.

I remember another thing. I remember that when I went to Chicago in 1890 Hobart was supposed to be a small town away out in the country. Now it is linked up with one of the most interesting industrial regions in the world. You have my best wishes for the book

Sincerely.

Miss Lucile Peterson, Editor of "Aurora,"
Hobart City School,
Hobart, Indiana

Dear Miss Peterson:

I am leaving on my vacation tomorrow and expect to be away about two months. In preparing for an absence of this length of time I have had such an accumulation of things to do that I have just this moment gotten around to your request that I do something for the "Aurora." I am afraid I haven't time to draw something and hardly know what to write.

You have my very best wishes for the Senior Annual. I remember when our class, the class of '89 at Purdue conceived the idea of introducing a college annual to that institution, we were very much excited by it. That was away back over thirty-five years ago when Anna's were not as commonly issued as they are in these days. I wish I had a copy of our Board of Editors as they were photographed. They looked very funny. I had much more hair in those days than I now have, and in the picture I am shown seizing a scissars and looking determinedly at a piece of paper. I am not very clear whether my plan of action was to cut something out of the Annual or to clip something out of some other publication and use it. I have always felt a deep sense of gratitude for the opportunity I have had to help in such a publication. It gave me a lot of experience, really the first experience I had in drawing for reproduction, and doubtless helped me when I came to Chicago a little later in an effort to get a job. In that respect the Anna's issued by colleges and high schools have a real value. They give the editors a chance to write and draw and if their inclinations run along that line the practice is later of great use.

I wish I might see a copy of the "Aurora" when it comes out, and I hope you will be good enough to send me one.

Yours very sincerely,

*"They were born in Indiana. My, how proud we orta be!
'Cause they're bringin' home the glories, that is shared by you and me."*

The Art of Public Speaking

Perhaps the only enduring human achievement is art in some of its forms. In my book "The Art of Public Speaking," I defined art thus: "Art is the most finished expression of truth in its myriad aspects, with the least possible obstruction in that presentation, so that those who hear or look can get most clearly and easily the thing presented."

One of the highest forms of art, if not the very highest, is the expression of thought by means of words. We call this style.

Good style requires first of all, clearness, directness and simplicity. Any thought or fact should be stated in the plainest and fewest words possible. Attempts to adorn by literary flourishes never beautify but always deface.

The Greeks were masters of forthright statement without surplusage. Indeed, this is true of all great writings in every language.

It may be that the best example of straight yet beautiful expression in our language is to be found in the Bible. The Old Testament is especially rich in this; and the sermons of Jesus and the speeches and epistles of Paul are wellnigh perfect examples of lucidity.

The later speeches of Lincoln, the finest of which is his Second Inaugural, are also models of the rule I am trying to set forth. The way in which he acquired his mastery of English style can be done by anyone who will keep at it as long and steadily as Lincoln did. From boyhood to the end of his life, he would write out anything about which he was thinking, and then write the same thing over and over again until he made it as clear as he was able to make it. Every unnecessary word was cut out; sentences were arranged so that the hearer and reader could get the meaning easily.

It is said that Flaubert wrote his masterpiece in a year, but that he took thirty years to finish it. That was a long time but it was worthwhile because the result was a work of art.

I have heard that when producing the greatest of his works, Tolstoy was worried and troubled several weeks; he walked gloomily over his estate muttering to himself; he would awaken at night, get up and sit pondering before his fire. What do you suppose all this was about? All the anxiety of that superb artist was over the problem of how to have one of his characters come into the room. Of course he finally succeeded, and this seemingly small incident is presented so perfectly that the reader does not see anything unusual about it.

All good writing, like any other kind of sound work, is done in this laborious, pains-taking way. The slap-dash pen spills worthless ink. The flippant and the "smart" is not only bad style, but is offensive to taste. The flamboyant is even worse. Much that has heretofore been called eloquence is nothing but a collection of high-sounding words.

Power and beauty in speaking of writing means direct, plain and simple statement; and this can be achieved only by accurate knowledge, clear thinking and laborious effort. No work of art is produced easily or hastily. Hard work and sincerity are indispensable conditions that lasts and is worthwhile.



Albert J. Beveridge

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Albert J. Beveridge".

*"The kind of a man for you and me!
He faces the world unflinchingly,
And smites as long as the world resists,
With a knuckled faith and force like fists."*

How It All Began

THE first Indiana novel was written in Aurora, a town which was not named for this Annual, whatever you may think, nor is it identical with Rising Sun, though they are only eight miles apart. Aurora, just across the river from Kentucky, was founded in 1808 by Judge Jesse Lynch Holman, a Kentuckian who became in the course of time a Baptist minister and also a Justice of the State Supreme Court; and as if this were not versatility enough he was also the first Hoosier novelist.

This humble beginning of one of the state's largest industries took place somewhere around 1809 or 1810. Judge Holman was not then a judge; he was a young man, and like many young men even before this current generation, he thought that things were being done wrong and that it was his duty to tell the world how to do them right. So he wrote a novel called "The Errors of Education."

What these errors were, in young Mr. Holman's view, nobody now knows. For a few years later he got religion hard and came to the conclusion that novels, being fiction, were no better than any other kind of lies, the mere handiwork of the devil. (Knowing how a writer is apt to regard his first novel looking back at it in maturity, I suspect that Judge Holman's convictions were somewhat stimulated by a personal sense of shame.) But at any rate he decided that there was only one way to undo the evil he had done by writing a fictitious and untrue novel, and that was to collect all the copies and solemnly burn them in the public square of Aurora.

This turned out to be more easy of accomplishment than you might think. A certain number of copies had been given away to relatives and friends, but so far as tradition hands down the tale all the others were still in the hands of the local bookseller. The relatives and friends were easily persuaded to help the young author purify his soul, the bookseller cleared his shelves with a thankful sigh, and the entire first and last edition of the first Indiana novel (which would now be worth enough to collectors to enrich all of Judge Holman's descendants), went up in smoke.

Possibly it would have been just as well if all subsequent Indiana authors had followed this example; possibly not, for in that case a good many Hoosiers would have overcrowded other sections of the labor market. For Indiana literature is a by-product of indolence. The normal lot in life of any Hoosier is to plow corn. Those who were too lazy to plow corn, in the period between, say, 1880 to 1915, became politicians, school teachers, or novelists. (Nowadays they operate filling stations, or go to Miami and make a million dollars in real estate). There are and always have been enough Hoosier politicians, not to say too many; but if all the rest of the novelists had burned their novels and turned school teachers, why, we might have more light at last on the errors of education.

Elmer Davis

*"The purest gems of prose
Come flashing from his pen."*

Edward Eggleston's Boyhood

MY Grandmother, Julia L. Dumont came as a bride to Vevay in 1814. She was well educated and had a genius for teaching. Mrs. Dumont had a long experience as a school teacher. A graded school was started but did not prove a success and therefore she opened a school in her own house and limited it to what she called "My ten boys." Of these ten Edward and George Eggleston were two. Later Mrs. Dumont built an extension in the rear of her home in the form of a schoolroom and enlarged her school and the Eggleston boys continued and other boys and girls and even grown and married men and women attended.

My father during those years lived at Lawrenceburgh, a few miles up the river from Vevay and when I was about nine years old sent me to live with and attend her school, and here I first saw and knew Edward Eggleston. He was five years my senior and was then what was called "half grown."

My Grandmother's home was adjoining and in the enclosure with the Eggleston home. I not only saw Edward in school but about the home, doing such work as a boy of that age was expected to do. The families often invited each other to dinner or supper, or to spend evenings in the homes of each other.

Edward, as I knew him, was studious, quick and industrious, but not especially robust. He was extremely conscientious and the embodiment of honor. His father had constantly but kindly instilled into his youthful mind the necessity of practicing these manly virtues and his efforts and example were supplemented by the teaching of Mrs. Dumont in such a motherly manner and with such interested affection that Edward and other boys as well, had always before them the highest ideals and the best things of life.

Mrs. Dumont, as I well remember, regarded Edward as her star pupil. I recall one instance which I think will be of interest and show the boy. One noon the boys continued their game of "town ball" long after "books" had been called. After a full hour they sheepishly filed in and took their seats and awaited the storm. Mrs. Dumont seated as usual in a low rocking chair, rocked gently, and without giving the boys opportunity for explanation or apology, kept them for a full half hour in a moral sweat box, and ended by saying she was hopelessly offended and that they had humiliated her before the whole town. As a punishment they would be deprived of the morning and afternoon recess for a week, and she would demand an explanation the next day. The boys thought they should have had an opportunity to explain, and after school they held a mild indignation meeting and selected Edward Eggleston to draft a suitable protest to present to the teacher. On an over night reflection Edward's scruples asserted themselves. So the next morning Edward presented for their signature the following:

"Honored Madam:

In regard to our offence of yesterday, we beg that you will do us the justice to believe that it was not intentional. We do not ask you to remit the punishment you have inflicted in taking away our recess, but we do ask you to remit the heavier penalty we have incurred, your own displeasure."

After I left the school I never saw Mr. Eggleston until I met him in Washington just before his death.

Mrs Julia L Gordon

*"The old school-day romances
Are the dearest of all."*



Harold Morton Kramer

Youth Marches Onward

INTO the paths where Death held tryst I saw the Youth of a hate-seared epoch march with smiling courage. With a sob in my heart I found amid Conflict's aftermath myriads broken and spent, legions shadowed by the doubt that mocks idealism. And I said that now the world must be without hope, that Youth had been disillusioned.

But slowly, as comes the cheering dawn after a night of storm, to my flagging faith came clearer insight, and I saw that while individuals had faltered, Youth still smiled, faced to the front, and marched onward with high resolve and purpose undimmed, while Compensation, the great paymaster, recorded the advancement of a cause.

Then there came a starless midnight when I stood on the deck of an ocean liner as we approached New York harbor. Eagerly I strained my eyes for a first glimpse of my homeland, and a great joy swept over me when at last I saw the faint glimmer of light just above the crest of the tossing waves. There was a touch on my shoulder,

and by my side I found an American sailor boy, pointing ahead toward that glow, slowly mounting from the horizon.

"Sir," he said, "yonder is America. I never come into this harbor at night without standing here and watching for that glow, and it always seems to me that it is America's soul I see there, America's soul glowing brighter and brighter—and I like to dream of the great things our country is to do for mankind."

It was the voice of Youth undoubting. And I found myself harking back to what I had witnessed Over There—Youth idealistic, Youth inspired, Youth undaunted, Youth justifying faith.

So I came again to my native land, with a new vision of that upon which rests my country's salvation. It is the Crusade of Youth, a mighty army of progress, constantly recruited and marching onward, strong, ardent, nerveless through cynicism; Youth scorning misanthropes and carpers, Youth untouched in iconoclasm, but pressing onward, onward, ever onward, girded with education, courage and honesty.

Out from America's High Schools comes Youth to do the new deed, to sing the new song, to exalt confidence, preparation and perseverance. And when the leaves of this Annual are yellowing under the touch of Time, Youth, the heir of all the ages that have passed, still will be the glory and the hope of all the eons yet to come.

As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, Youth marches onward.

*"But draw aside the drapery of gloom,
And let the sunshine chase the clouds away."*

Ain't God Good to Indiana?

Ain't God good to Indiana?
Folks, a feller never knows
Just how close he is to Eden
Till, sometime, he ups an' goes
Seekin' fairer, greener pastures
Than he has right here at home,
Where there's sunshine in th' clover
An' there's honey in the comb;
Where th' ripples on th' river
Kind o' chuckle as they flow;
Ain't God good to Indiana?
Ain't He, fellers? Ain't He, though?

Ain't God good to Indiana?
Seems to me He has a way
Gittin' me all out o' humor
Just to see how long I'll stay
When I git th' gypsy-feelin'
That I'd like to find a spot
Where th' c'ouds ain't quite so restless,
Or th' sun don't shine as hot.
But I don't git far, I'll tell you,
Till I'm whisp'rin' soft an' 'low:
Ain't God good to Indiana?
Ain't He, fellers? Ain't He, though?

Ain't God good to Indiana?
Other spots may look as fair,
But they lack th' soothin' somethin'
In th' Hoosier sky an' air.
They don't have that snug-up feelin'
Like a mother gives a child;
They don't soothe you, soul an' body,
With their breezes soft an' mild.
They don't know th' joys of Heaven
Have their birthplace here below;
Ain't God good to Indiana?
Ain't He, fellers? Ain't He, though?



William Herschell

William Herschell

*"With a sweeter voice than birds
Dare to twitter in their sleep,
Pipe for me a tune of words."*

A Tribute to Charles Major

CHARLES MAJOR, son of Judge Major, prominent member of the Marion County Bar, was born in Indianapolis, July 25, 1856, in a house which stood on the lot on Meridian street on which the City Library was afterwards located. In 1869 the family moved to Shelbyville, where Charles was graduated from the city high school, in 1872—on which occasion his class oration attracted special attention.

After graduation from the University of Michigan, in 1875, he began the practice of law, in his home town, and in 1883, was married to Alice Shaw.

In 1885, he was elected City Clerk, in 1886 elected to the Indiana State Legislature as a Democrat, but having no political taste or ambition, was never again a candidate for office.

As a young man he was a student of History and Poetry, and did some special literary work, which was never published. His first book "When Knighthood was in Flower," appeared in 1898; immediately became a best seller, and held such place, until passed in 1919, by "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." The book as dramatized, was a great success, with Julia Marlowe in the title role. After this in succession appeared the following books:

The Bears of Blue River.
Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.
A Forest Hearth.
Yolanda.
Uncle Tom Andy Bill.
A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg.
The Little King,
Touchstone of Fortune.

Mr. and Mrs. Major traveled extensively abroad, and made many friends among the literary people of Great Britain and the Continent.

In 1912, Mr. Major, with some friends, spent several months in Peace River Valley, Northwestern Canada. The hardships endured on this trip impaired his health, and finally resulted in his death at his home in Shelbyville, in 1913.

From his literary efforts he had acquired a large estate which on his death descended to his widow, a lady of exceptional grace and charm, who survived her husband until 1925, when, on her death, the greater portion of the estate was bequeathed to Purdue University.

Warren Bigler

*"Strangers tae ye we maun be,
Yet to us you're kenned a wee
By the writin's ye hae done."*

High School Animals

NEXT May I will visit Hobart High School—and I expect it to warm my heart. Under the kind treatment I anticipate growing handsome. Unfortunately, nature had done her worst several years prior. I am sure I will not find at Hobart, the animals I mention. Neither are they inhabitants of Franklin, Indiana, where I pound a typewriter and try to think up nice little commencement talks in my studio in a business block. So Franklin and Hobart are exempt.

But there are high school animals—loose and roaming about.

I have found the High School Hog. He wants all the school honors. He is blue around the gills if he doesn't have them. He wants to "hog the show" as certain vulgarians would say.

I have seen the Vulture in many high schools. I was commencement speaker in a great Michigan city last year. A Senior wasn't content; he came to my hotel and told me nasty things about his superintendent, his faculty, and some of his classmates. He enjoys spreading venom. I guess you know that a vulture feeds upon decay. Some students love to peddle scandal.

I, now and again, find a Peacock. I don't know whether the lady-bird with her finery or the gentleman peacock with his mammoth sweater and medals is the worse. Peacocks care only for plumage; they wouldn't recognize a brain if they saw one. Fashion has them by the right ear. They live to strut. They strut clothes, school letters, sweaters, medals—anything that can be pushed before the eyes of others.

Too, there are the High School Sheep. Sheep follow. They do just what is done by the person in front of them. Their craniums have vacant rooms to rent. They cheer when others cheer—they criticise when that is the popular thing. High schools are places to grow Leadership. If a student is not a leader in Hobart or any other school—he will not become so later. Leadership comes by practice.

And did you ever see a High School Worm—variety—Book? Reading is a wonderful thing to do. Every great man and woman today has been a widely-read person. The times demand rounded information. But a Book-Worm does not attend school games, school functions, school affairs of any kind. He grubs. And in the list of failures you will find thousands who never peeped outside a book. Co-operation, loyalty, progress all depend upon the students who do read but at proper times and places.

But, before closing, thank God for the Robins. Robins tell me that spring is coming. Hobart has hundreds who told me by hand-shakes and smiles and enthusiasm that spring is coming. Parents know how many winters there are. Robins are blessed forever and ever! And, thank God for Eagles, that live in hard places. Hardship puts the fighting stuff in us. Thank God for the devotion of Thoroughbred Dogs, the courage of Lions, the energy of the Beasts of Burden. God forgive all of us who make of ourselves Monkeys!

*C. L. M. S.
The Scribe*

*"If my poor heart from this silence were freed,
I could soar up like a bird."*

Springs I Have Known

THE grocer's clerk, a little old man, was wrapping the bread and holding conversation with a customer. "No," said the customer, "I haven't been back to the old place since 1883. I was back—" but the customer had taken his bread and gone. His last words had started a train of thought in the clerk's mind, however, and there was no getting one's order in and stopping him. "I hadn't been back to my old home for forty years," he said, "till this spring; and when I saw the old place I wished I hadn't gone then. They'd changed everything, and slicked it all up, and the roads are fine, but it isn't any place for a boy like it was when I was young.

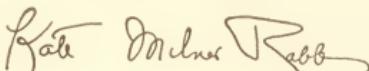
In "The Reverie of Poor Susan" the girl hurrying along the street in the silence of the early morning, hears a thrush singing in its cage, and straightway the busy city disappears and she sees a mountain ascending, a vision of trees, green pastures in the midst of the dale.—

"And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The only one dwelling on earth that she loves - - -
She looks, and her heart is in heaven."

It was so with the old grocer's clerk. The walls of the little shop faded away, and he was a boy again, going out to his grandfather's—"the old place"—near the road, so from the wide porch they could see the procession of buggies and wagons and horseback riders every day; a nice old farm house with a big kitchen the center of household activities, a barn with countless places where a boy could play, and, best of all, the spring.

The little old man became a poet when he described this spring. It gushed from the shaded hillside, not far from the road. Some hand had hollowed out the earth and cut a basin in the rock, and the overflow formed a little stream which trickled through the long grass and ran down to the road. Oh, how fine for a boy, on a summer day, to throw himself on the grass in the pleasant shade, and drink from the convenient gourd, and then, lying there, listening to the trickling water, think the long, long thoughts of youth!

The grocer's clerk, like poor Susan, was abruptly called back to business, but the subject he suggested persisted. On a hot summer day it was pleasant to think of springs; one might indeed almost write a discourse on "Springs I Have Known." How pleasant it used to be, jogging along hot country roads behind a slow horse, to stop at a wayside spring—one knew there must be one somewhere near by from the trickle of water across the road, and dismounting, to find it, tree-shaded, fern-bordered, its waters clear and icy cold! No cold drink stand that defaces the public highway today can provide any drink that equals that cold spring water. To think of these springs, springs on hillsides, springs in the depths of mysterious woods, the ground about them all wet and swampy, all gone now, all long since vanished with the march of what we are pleased to call civilization!



*"Gifted, and loved and praised
By every Friend."*

Gene Stratton Porter

HERE must be good reasons why hundreds of thousands of boys and girls have read Gene Stratton Porter's books and why more than ten million copies of them have been sold. They have been translated into many foreign languages and the children of other lands enjoy them as do our American children.

Doubtless one of the strongest appeals is the story to nature which is so prominent in all her books. Most young people love the out-of-doors and one who can interpret nature with its fascinating secrets as Mrs. Porter did, in a readable human way is sure to have readers.

Mrs. Porter referred to herself as a "woods woman." She would sit or lie for hours at a time on the limb of a tree waiting with her camera to get a photograph of a bird or of a timid wild animal. She roamed over the hills, through the forests and around the lakes studying every form of life both plant and animal. She loved the flowers and trees with a passionate love. The wild flowers bloomed in profusion under her magic touch. The birds and small animals knew her as their friend and her home as a haven of refuge for them. Her collection of butterflies and moths was a notable one and represents a vast amount of work and patient observation. No scout could help but admire her for she loved hiking, camping, and all that belongs to out-of-door life. She was a good scout. She filled her mind full of the beautiful things of nature and there was no room for anything bad. She had abounding energy, and, clad as she appears in the picture, she spent many days in the fields and woods collecting the material for her stories. Those who think that novels are not popular without much of the salacious element in them should remember that nothing which would shock the finest moral sensibilities appears in her books and yet they have been very popular. One of my friends who was acquainted with her family and who knew her from childhood, said in substance, "Whatever the critics may think of her literary style, or the scientists of her knowledge of nature, the fact remains that the people read and love her books and no one is ever made worse for reading them.

It was my good fortune to see her both at work and at play. Some people do not know how to do one or the other, but she knew how to do both and what was better, she knew how to get a large measure of play out of her work. To know her intimately for even a short time, to enjoy her childlike simplicity, to see her enjoyment of nature, to feel her charming personality and to share her abounding love is to get some understanding of her vast popularity.



Gene Stratton Porter

Mrs. Oscar M. Pittenger

*"Claim her, Death; yet her fame endures.
What friend next will you rend from us,
In that cold, pitiless way of yours,
And leave us a grief more dolorous."*



Maurice Thompson

Maurice Thompson

M AURICE THOMPSON was born at Fairfield, Indiana, on September 9, 1844. The tendency of nature sometimes to group genius may account for the fact that he was one of the remarkable coterie which originated in and not far from Brookville, and to which General Lew Wallace, John Hay and others belong. He was the son of Grigg Thompson and both his father and grandfather were preachers of the Old School Baptist Church. His father was also a gladiator of the old time theological combats which were prevalent three quarters of a century ago. From his mother he inherited his finer tastes, his love of nature and poetry, for she was a woman of queenly beauty and culture. In his boyhood she instructed him in the classics, mathematics and civil engineering, and to her he claimed that he was indebted for all that he had ever attained. The migratory life of the clergyman led the family to settle on a plantation near Calhoun, Georgia.

In 1862, Mr. Thompson enlisted in the Confederate Army and served until his honorable discharge in 1865. Here he found himself in the midst of poverty and desolation of his beloved Southland, but his love for books and intellectual achievements was undismayed. He opened up a law office in Calhoun, Georgia, but the situation was so discouraging that he and his younger brother came to Indiana. They landed near Crawfordsville, and soon obtained employment as surveyors. This firm later became known as Thompson & Thompson, and won a distinct place in the legal profession in Indiana.

When the Union army was near Calhoun, Georgia, Captain H. H. Talbott of the Seventh Kentucky Cavalry was provost marshal. He was a friend of Grigg Thompson and knew that his son was in the Confederate Army, and out of regard for the family, had a special guard stationed over their home. This further cemented their friendship, and as a sort of strange result, this same Captain Talbott and the Thompson brothers, organized the Crawfordsville Archery Club, which achieved distinction alongside Maurice's book, "Witchery of Archery." Several bows used by these men were made of lanswood by Highfield in London. This club enlarged its membership, so that at one time forty prominent men and women indulged in this outdoor recreation. Captain Talbott is the only one of the trio living now.

At the zenith of his power, on February 15, 1901, he passed to the great beyond. It may seem a part of the strange windings of life, but his old friend, Captain Talbott, contributed to the funeral services by bringing together about his grave a large number of Union and Confederate Soldiers, and together they mingled their tears by paying him tribute. Then, there was a sounding of the military taps and that was the end.

Emerson E. Gallaudet



Maurice Thompson in His Study

*"Great as his genius was,
Great likewise was the man."*

Maurice Thompson, the Fisherman

By Lew Wallace

HE was a fisherman as well as a hunter. What times we have had after young bass on the ripples of Sugar Creek. Ah, that they will never, never come again. He despised the pole fixed in the mud by the shore carrying a line with squirming, struggling minnow, half-impaled on the hook. Nor less did he indulge a manly contempt for the louted, lazy pot-fisher, hiding in the grass behind the pole, or asleep in the shade of the overhanging sycamore. The rod was his supreme felicity—the rod and the insenate fly. And how he could manage them. With what unerring instinct—or was it calculating judgment?—he knew exactly where to cast. With what accuracy the line shot invisibly out. With what grace he let it go its length now over the ripple into the foaming pool, now under a leafy limb. With what further grace, when the distance was covered, the fly would slow in its flashing outgo, and, instead of plunging into the water and frightening the game, flutter above it an instant, then settle down never a living moth so lightly, and with such enticing simulation of natural action.

Indeed, indeed, it will be long before I realize that Maurice Thompson is dead—not merely because he was a poet, romancist, critic, philosopher, man of material affairs, associate, friend. There has been a little coterie of men and women welded together in a patriotism not entirely appreciated, and working ever so deftly and successfully to lift Indiana out of the depths, and set her high up in the world of literature; and Maurice Thompson was one of the coterie. The work will go on without him, but his trenchant pen, clear intellect and brave heart—them we shall miss, and pray for, as the years go by, the battle still in progress.



Where "Alice of Vincennes" was written



Lew Wallace

Old Furniture from Maurice Thompson's Home

*"Oh genius of my own, my native land!
We hail the light upon thy brow that gleams."*



General Lew Wallace

Tribute to Gen. Lew Wallace

AS author of "Ben Hur," a Tale of Christ, General Lew Wallace won fame and fortune. He had written "The Fair God" at an earlier date. His later works included "The Life of Benjamin Harrison," "The Prince of India," and his "Autobiography." This last named work was not completed. "Ben Hur" as it is familiarly called was his masterpiece, upon which his literary renown securely rests. When "The Fair God" first appeared doubt was expressed as to Wallace's authorship and charges of plagiarism were freely made by a few envious souls. But seven years of assiduous application produced "Ben Hur" and for all time silenced the detractors of Wallace's literary genius. "Ben Hur" has been published in sixty different languages. Harper Brothers at an early date secured the sole publication rights under contract with General Wallace and Klaw & Erlanger by like contract secured the exclusive stage rights.

After the death of General Wallace in 1905, his son, Henry Lane Wallace, succeeded his father in the control of the author's interests, in the book and royalties, and when Klaw & Erlanger attempted to cinematize "Ben Hur" and produce it on the screen they were promptly restrained by injunction at the suit of the son. Later the screen rights were sold for a lump sum approximating a million dollars. In December last the premier "performance" of "Ben Hur" was produced on the screen in New York City and was witnessed by Henry Lane Wallace only a few days before his sudden death at the home of his son, Captain Lew Wallace Jr., at Rye, New York.

In no small measure is it due to General Wallace's genius that Crawfordsville, his home for more than half a century, is known as the "Athens of America."

A native Hoosier, born in 1827, when Montgomery County extended its northern boundary to Lake Michigan and the state line, and when the Land Office for the Northwest was at Crawfordsville, he spent his entire life in the Hoosier state, except periods of public service which called him away. Studying law at Covington, "on the banks of the Wabash," where he lived with his parents, he raised a company of volunteers at the age of twenty and as their captain entered the Mexican War in 1846 and fought to its conclusion in 1847, rendering brilliant and valorous service. At Crawfordsville, young Wallace attended Wabash College for a time, and married Susan Elston, daughter of the pioneer banker, and began the practice of law. In 1858 he foresaw the danger of civil conflict, and by training the "Montgomery Guards" in military tactics, when the Civil War broke out, they were prepared, he becoming Brigadier General. He was advanced to Major General and later became Commander of the 8th Army Corps. Besides his literary work he represented his country as Minister to Turkey and later became Governor of the Territory of New Mexico, in each case serving with distinction and honor.

Like Leonardo da Vinci, he was a many sided genius. Lawyer, orator, soldier, statesman, diplomat, author—all these he was and more. General Wallace was also an inventor. He was also a musician, a sculptor and an artist. Evidences of his varied art skill and accomplishments are enshrined in the Wallace Library at the Wallace Homestead in Crawfordsville.

*"And History, in glowing line,
Prolong his life for us."*

Riley as a Story Teller

MARK TWAIN once said that James Whitcomb Riley's story of the soldier who lost his leg in battle was, as Riley told it, with the repetitions and hesitations, the best story ever told. This is high praise, for Mark Twain was himself a prince among story tellers. Nothing contributes more to the pleasure of a company than the anecdotes of a guest who can tell an apt story with just the right economy of words to bring a laugh, but who is never vulgar or tiresome. Once, at a dinner of the Gridiron Club in Washington, I heard Mark Twain tell a yarn that met every requisite of perfect story-telling, and the whole time was not more than four minutes. Mr. George Ade is another great American story teller and he, too, has a genius for compression.

Riley had a method all his own and would prolong a story, throwing in trifles of detail to establish the characters he described so vividly, postponing the climax until just the right moment for exploding it. His manner was quiet and his gestures few. He always began slowly to give the audience a chance to become accustomed to him. His voice was a perfectly trained instrument which he controlled with imperceptible effort. No one else could sway hearers between laughter and tears as Riley did. Coquelin, one of the greatest actors in the tradition of the French theatre, said of Riley, who he heard in London at a supper party given the Indiana poet by Henry Irving, that Riley had by nature what he had spent his life trying to acquire.

Riley in social intercourse never volunteered a story. He was extremely shy to the end of his life and was always afraid of appearing to thrust himself upon the attention of the company. On occasions when distinguished visitors to Indianapolis met him it was sometimes my business "to draw Riley out." This became a joke between us, and we would follow a formula. I would say, with seeming inadvertence: "What was that yarn you told me once about Bill Nye and the joke you played on him in Minneapolis?" And Riley would pretend that he had forgotten all about it, which of course he hadn't, and it would be necessary for me to give him additional hints and promptings until finally with a chuckle, he would say, "Oh, yes!" and go ahead.

Riley was a shrewd student of character, and his genius for impersonation was extraordinary. Once he saw a person with a peculiarity of manner or speech he could reproduce the idiosyncrasy with uncanny fidelity. But Riley was the kindest of souls. Not for worlds would he ever have wounded anyone. Sensitive himself, he had the greatest regard for the feelings of others.

Riley was a man of many moods. I saw him nearly every day for many years, walked and drove with him and I never knew just how I should find him. In his last years, when he was an invalid and had to be lifted from his car, he would sometimes ride in silence for an hour and then begin talking in his characteristic whimsical fashion and most entertainingly.

He expressed his sympathy for friends in affliction with a tenderness and sweetness all his own. And, remembering this, all who find cheer and solace in his poems must rejoice in the knowledge that his memory is perpetuated in the noble hospital for children bearing his name, which stands at Indianapolis as his fitting memorial.



Meredith Nicholson

Meredith Nicholson



THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF
OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S
BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

© 1920 by J. R. O'Conor

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY—AN APPRECIATION

OUR own Hoosier Poet? No, the poet of every race and of every clime. In his writings, in the humbler Hoosier dialect and in the most classic English, he has portrayed those emotions which are common to all men and women and children. He seemed to know intuitively the feelings of his characters in the varied experiences of life—how a husband would feel toward a wife in the quiet domestic life of the home—in moments of storm and passion—in days of regret and yearning, when they might be separated from each other—in days of joy when he knew that she was coming home again—and in those hours of deepest sorrow when she might be taken from him forever, and laid at rest in that last long sleep of death. And yet he never had a wife. He seemed to know just how a father or a mother would feel toward a son or daughter in all of the joys and sorrows of life. And yet he never had a child.

From the descriptions of the commonplace in the small happenings of every day life, he ascended to the realms of ideals, of dreams, of fancy, of romance and mysticism. He swept all of the strings of the human heart, with never a false touch.

And it was this great power of picturing those feelings of all men, which endeared him to those in every class of society, to the college president, to writers and poets, to the minister of the gospel, to the lawyer, the banker, the business man, the farmer and to the laboring man in the street. Because every man can see something of himself in Riley's poems. Men and women and children can look into his books as into a mirror and see their own feelings and dreams and visions clothed in new and lovely garments of beauty.

It was this which has made James Whitcomb Riley beloved wherever the English language is known.

William S. Stough.

*"I cannot say—and I will not say,
That he is dead.—He is just away."*

Our Best Years

WASN'T it kind to us, the sun,
In those old days, when we used to sit
Up 'till noon time, talking,
And the birds were 'round us,
And we were happy, too,
Our best years!

The birds are still the same,
With the same old song,
The sun is the same old sun,
After us, in this world,
Our children's children are still there,
Out to old Aunt Mary!

It all comes back so clear today!
Though I am ^{as} old as you are gray,
Out by the barn lot, and ^{up} the lane,
We still are, the two of us, the same,
Our best years!

the last house of the town,

Then a long walk to the road shrub,

Past the squat toll-gate with its well-swept porch,
The bridge, and the old "baptizing hole",
Watering, awed, red pool and shoal.

Out to old Aunt Mangy.

We come this far, — through the wood,

Where the old gray snail of the Soplar stood,

Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped away,

And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing" sky
And called and circled, as we went by

Out to old Aunt Mangy.

Or stayed by the glint of a redbird wings;

Or the glister of song that the blue bird sings,

As hawks we fain to strike strange trails,

As the big braves do in the Indian tales,

Or to the westward, —

Or to the eastward, —

Out to Sandstone into Gullch -
Flat land and mountains from the west

Then back down to the west
Flat land and mountains from the east
Then back to the west

Out to the Grand Canyon

Out then on the dirt up the mesa -
Find the trail we met, and the country -

It is the long highway with some good
Highway as better on mesa, Grand
Canyon behind

Out to the Grand Canyon

Then down to the mesa right back
For night - we had to make out the old road

Up the base of the mesa -

Highway from the mesa, and
Mesa down to the trail we made out

Out to the Grand Canyon

Stay I am here in the land where
There the birds sing for us and we
In the land where the face is new
There the door is always -
We wait to find it big to be
At Mam

fall - the sun and the moon
The 'Chorus' and the "Orchestra"
And the sweet sound of peace and love
But you can't find all things rare -
And the more we are the more to spare
At Mam

And a dove

She -

Up with us when it's late

6
The answer is in the question
One only can be an individual
And the other is a group
So not that we should be
Nothing else but the one
Out to do the best we can

Great times we had
This is the best, in those days
With the wonderful ways of the human race
Or was it the government
Or the people, brought it in
Out to do the best we can

For further, better times
We ought to do the best we can
Thought as we used
Our time to do the best we can
To the betterment of
Our world

But now, with gloom — you will
That make the best place, after all, —

The talk, with her spirit to the last,
Planting sun and the sun was strong,
With the voice of counsel that touched us,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

And then, in the garden — near the side
Where the beeches were and the path was wide, —

The apple-house — like a fairy cell —
With the little square door we knew so well,
And the mattoch inside but our tongue could
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

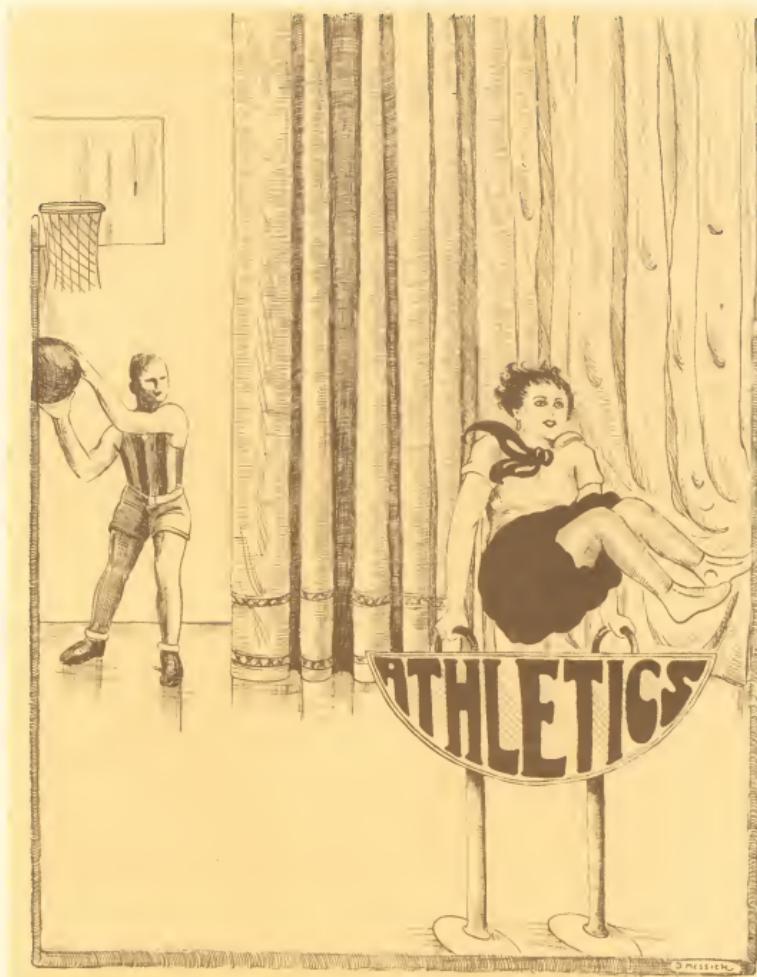
And the old spring-house, in the corner of the garden,
Of the willow trees and the poplars room

Where the singing shrikes and the doves were kept
Where the crows were — on a larch or sycamore
While the water ran and ran and ran,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

But a man is the same you and the
Barefoot boys in the day you are
built and in training continue
Tipped up his hat and said
The wind now is on his side
Out to see the world.

For my brother is far away
This is to tell you she went to day
To welcome us - Auntie
After the morning when
The boys to see... And all in
Out to see Auntie.

— 20 —
E. W. Thompson Riley





Coach Lawler

MR. LAWLER, athletic coach, has been with Hobart for three years, each year building a stronger team. Before coming to Hobart, Mr. Lawler was coach at Rochester, Indiana, and there developed some good teams. He was a star player for Earlham College in basketball as well as track. His team this year faced the hardest schedule any Hobart team ever played, and came out with a better percentage than was made at any time.

With the hearty co-operation of the team, Coach Lawler has given Hobart a firmer foundation in the field of athletics.

"Bill" Messick has been leading our rooting section for the past year. His motto is "You'll never be known unless you're heard!" We're sure that if it was all up to Bill, H. H. S. would surely be known. Bill makes a good cheer leader and it's going to be a big job to try to fill his boots next year.



Yell Leader Messick

*"Being simple, undesigning, and of courteous address,
All hearts are open to them and their friends are numberless."*



“Soldiers Here Today”

WHEN the call for basketball candidates was made, a goodly number of boys, eager for a chance to show their ability, reported. After a number of eliminations, a squad of twenty men was picked which comprised the first and second teams. The first game, which was intended for a practice game, proved otherwise and was won by only two points. With a hard schedule ahead the outlook for the team was dark. But the rough spots were ironed out and the team improved rapidly.

Some of the games lost this season were by such close scores that they hardly seemed a loss. Also, our boys played teams representing some of the largest schools in this vicinity and did not always lose, but in many cases, came out victorious.

Here's fifteen Rahs for the team!

“They need no help to fight the hornet's nest.”



JOHN STEWART, Guard.

John Stewart, better known as "Moon," is a man that is hard to get by, and when once started, is hard to stop. When Moon shows his Irish, he means business. He is a Sophomore, and we expect much of him the next two years.

HERBERT SCHARBACH, Forward

"Herb" is just a Sophomore, but he holds down a berth with the regulars. He is a fast man on the floor, and has a keen eye for the hoop. At the rate he is going, his two more years will make him a real fighter.

ELI PRICE, Forward.

Eli, one of our snappy forwards, has a style all his own, in basketball, as well as with the girls. When it's points that we need, "Sheik" is right there. He will be with us one more year.

GORDON ARGO, Center

"Slim" is the star pivot man of "THE BRICKYARD SQUAD." He is called the "sooner man," that is he would sooner play basketball than anything else, and to say he does it well, is putting it mildly. Slim leaves school with "Izzy" and the graduating class.

WARD HATTEN, Guard

This is "Hatty's" first year as a member of the first team, and he has proved that he is a good man. Besides being able to hit the basket, he is a real fighter. This is also his last year on the team, and we're losing a mighty good man.

"Ah! who shall look backward with scorn and derision?"

EDWIN SCHARBACH, Guard

Our back guard answers to the name of "Duke." His idea to win is to fight. When Duke gets the ball, it's his, which means "it is," and he sure stops the other side, (ask Whiting). He ranks as a Junior in high school, so we have much more to expect of him next year.

WALFRED NELSON, Forward

Talk about the martyrdom of Arno'd von Winkelried! This is the third year that "Chick" has been subbing. May that coveted letter be his in another year.

GEORGE MELAT, Forward

"Joe" is little, but mighty, that's the least we can say of this good little man. His cleverness in dribbling and ability to sink baskets are just a few of the things he can do with the "pill." Breaking into games this year is giving him experience for the two seasons that are to come.

EDMUND BARTON, Guard

"Ed" subbed throughout the year, but when it was necessary for him to engage in combat, he proved himself worthy. He wears a cap and gown this year, too.

LYLE WILSON, Forward

Ly'e got his start late, but is showing up well under Coach Lawler's instructions. He's a flying man, but his flying days are over, as he leaves with the class of '26.



*"Would that my lips might pour out in thy praise
A fitting melody."*

Season's Review

Date	Teams	Place
Oct. 23	Hobart—20	Crisman—18..... Hobart
Oct. 30	Hobart—17	Knox—15..... Knox
Nov. 6	Hobart—40	Hebron—21..... Hobart
Nov. 20	Hobart—32	Knox—21..... Hobart
Nov. 21	Hobart—28	Hammond—31..... Hammond
Nov. 25	Hobart—14	Whiting—25..... Whiting
Dec. 4	Hobart—30	Westville—25..... Hobart
Dec. 11	Hobart—29	Union Mills—20..... Hobart
Dec. 18	Hobart—47	Wanatah—9..... Hobart
Dec. 19	Hobart—15	Hammond—36..... Hobart
Jan. 2	Hobart—24	Valparaiso—54..... Valparaiso
Jan. 8	Hobart—24	Crown Point—20..... Hobart
Jan. 15	Hobart—16	Chesterton—30..... Chesterton
Jan. 29	Hobart—27	Lowell—33..... Lowell
Jan. 30	Hobart—17	Whiting—19..... Hobart
Feb. 5	Hobart—19	Chesterton—22..... Hobart
Feb. 6	Hobart—47	Westville—17..... Westville
Feb. 13	Hobart—17	Valparaiso—59..... Hobart
Feb. 19	Hobart—11	Crown Point—50..... Crown Point
Feb. 26	Hobart—27	Lowell—46..... Hobart
Total Points:	Hobart—501	Opponents—571
Games Won:	9.	Games Lost: 11.

Tournament

IT had fallen Hobart's lot for a number of years to play one of the strongest teams in the tournament for its opening game. This year the fans and team were quite pleased when we learned that for once Fate was kind to us and we didn't draw the strongest team for the first game. After a week of hard and intensive practice the team and a goodly number of fans journeyed over to East Chicago to participate in the tournament. Our first opponent was Hammond Tech, and after a close game we were victors by the margin of one point, the final score being 23-22. The game was won in the last minute of play by Stewart, our star floor-guard, who sank a long field goal and counted a free throw as the gun went off.

Roosevelt, of East Chicago, the dark horse of the tourney, had eliminated our old rival, Crown Point, and so our next game was Saturday morning with that team. This game was also a "nip and tuck" affair and when Hobart was nosed out just by one point, the final score 16-15 crushed our hopes and qualified Roosevelt to play Whiting Saturday afternoon in one of the semi-final games.

Stewart for his valuable work was picked by most critics as floor guard on the mythical all-sectional team.

*"A life of hopes and despairs and thanksgiving
Wound up and unraveled again."*



Coach Hunter

A n enthusiastic leader and director of physical culture was realized in Coach Hunter. Through her coaching, a girls' basketball team was developed of which any school might justly be proud. Her success as coach was displayed not only in basketball, but the Physical Training class was another of her achievements. The girls enjoyed her drilling and benefited greatly by it. Miss Hunter is to be complimented on the success of her efforts and we hope she will be with us next year to further her good work.

Alice was elected to assist Bill as High School cheer leader. She was in evidence at every game and with her motto "YELL!" on the back of her sweater, and her snappy leading, succeeded in getting all the noise from the crowd that they could broadcast.

Yell Leader VanLoon



"Gyrls that's in love, I've noticed, giner'ly has their way."



Physical Training Class

THE girls' physical training class under the supervision of Miss Hunter, was continued this year. This phase of athletics was introduced into High School last year and created a great deal of interest and enthusiasm among the girls, as was shown by the large enrollment. The interest in this work was not lost during the summer vacation for when this year's class was enrolled its membership showed an increase.

There was no opportunity to display the results of the untiring drilling and hard work on the part of both the director and the class until the second semester, when the girls gave a few numbers between acts of the Band program. The Band Concert was the main attraction of the evening but the physical training exhibit added to the boys' program, making an interesting exhibit. This was the only public appearance the class made during the year, but it was sufficient to show a great improvement over last year's work.

It is the hope of those interested in the work that the girls physical training class become a permanent and indispensable part of the curriculum of H. H. S.

"How they romped and ran about."



"The Truly Marvelous"

HOBART High School is proud of the record made by the girls team this season. By constant hard work the girls developed a good team and were victorious in most of their games. On the other hand, when they lost, they were always good sports and lost with the determination to win the next time. For several years girls athletics were allowed to disappear into the dim background that made up history. In the last year the girls of Hobart High School have striven to give Hobart a name in this field. As a result of this revival, a girls team was developed which, through good coaching and co-operation on the part of every girl, was better than any Hobart could boast of for some time. In recognition of this fact the girls on the team were presented with purple and gold suits during the season.

Four of this year's team will graduate, but they leave the rest of the team and the subs to continue with the spirit of "fight and win for Hobart High," to keep up the record established by the team of '26.

"For who can say an anything so worthy and reliable."



ISABEL ROPER—"Izzy" was a guard on the team, this being her second year. By her "fighting spirit" she showed that she could hold 'em down even though she wasn't so very tall. Sorry to lose you, "Izzy."

LUCILE PETERSON—"Pete" was one of our forwards. She was a fast player and a good shot at the basket, and by her "stick to it spirit," helped the team on to victory in many games. "Pete" is a member of this year's Senior class.

ISABEL MELLON—"Isie" was our tallest center. This was her first year on the team and she certainly showed ability in the center. We can watch "Isie" two more years.

MINNIE MISCEVICH—Minnie has subbed as guard several times during the season. She played a snappy game and made a dependable guard. Minnie is only a Freshman and we can watch her for three more years.

HAZEL ROBINSON—"Red" was a fast and reliable guard and could always be depended on for long passes from one end of the floor to the other. She graduates this year.

MARCELLA ANDERER—"Red the 3rd" was a sub-forward. She was a good fighter but never had a chance to show her fighting spirit in a game. Three more years for "Red."

"I propose a health to those."

DOROTHY DUNNING—"Dot" was jumping center and she, too, was only with us half of the season. "Dot" worked hard all the time and played a peppy game of basket ball. She is leaving us at the end of the year for a warmer climate.

EVA HOLZMER—Eva was one of our last year's guards. She changed her position on the team to forward and showed a keen eye for baskets, being one of the chief basket tossers of the season. Eva is a Senior, too.

MARCELLA KRUSE—"Celle" was another of our forwards. She was only with us half of the season, but she was given plenty of opportunities in which she showed her ability for basket tossing. "Celle" played first in the Wheeler game here. Good luck for another year.

MADALINE BALLANTYNE—"Red" was captain of the team, her position being running center. She always put up a good fight and made an excellent center as well as captain. She has another year with the team. Lots of luck to you, Red!

FLORENCE HOLZMER—"Chickie" joined us after the second semester had begun, playing running center. She was always there with the goods and did her best to help the team on to victory. "Chickie" is a Junior this year.

TRUTH TRESTER—"Toots" was sub-center. She made her début at Wheeler where she had a chance to show her stuff. We have two more years to watch "Toots" play.



"Words will not say what I yearn to say."



Season's Review

Date	Teams	Place
October 23	Hobart—10	Crisman—16
December 4	Hobart—14	Wheeler—12
December 16	Hobart—13	Westville—10
January 2	Hobart—18	Valparaiso—10
January 15	Hobart—20	Chesterton—16
January 23	Hobart—18	Wheeler—16
February 5	Hobart—18	Chesterton—18
February 6	Hobart—10	Westville—18
February 13	Hobart—17	Valparaiso—4
February 20	Hobart—27	Washington Township—1
February 27	Hobart—19	Crisman—23
Total Points	Hobart—184	Opponents—144
Games Won	8.	Games Lost—3



Girl's Tournament

A N event anticipated with interest and anxiety by the competing teams and High School fans, was the girls' interclass tournament. In the first game on December 8th, the Seniors defeated the Sophomores, 20-8. The same evening the Freshmen were overwhelmed by an avalanche of field goals from the Juniors, who defeated their first year opponents 32-2.

On December 10th the tournament was continued. The Seniors were successful in defeating their Freshman victims 18-4. The second game of the evening between the Sophomores and Juniors ended in a 20-8 victory for the latter.

The final games were played January 7th. The Freshmen and Sophomores tied 5-5 in a heated battle. Then came the game which was to decide the championship among the class teams, between the mighty Juniors and the invincible Seniors (as they proved to be). The Seniors won the championship for 1926 by a 12-8 score. Yea, Seniors!

"Our cares behind, our hearts ahead."



Coach Moss



Mr. Glenn E. Moss has the honor of being the first coach to handle organized athletics in the Juinor High School. And, as first coach, he has set a high standard for succeeding ones to follow. Gratitude for his splendid work is due Coach Moss not only from the Junior High, but likewise from the students of the Senior High, for he is laying a real foundation for the future Senior High Championship squads. The snappiest little yell leader that ever led a bunch of rooters is Bobbie Hawke. Attired in his red and white uniform, he makes an impression worthy of attention. His leadership has been instrumental toward instilling enthusiasm into the team. We appreciate your efforts. Bob.



Yell Leader "Bobbie"

"Gree-muu-nee! w'hy it takes grit."





'Our Youthful Patriots'

Left to right:

Paul Brooks	-	-	-	-	Substitute Forward
Howard Campbell	-	-	-	-	Substitute Guard
Easterling Allen	-	-	-	-	Substitute Forward
Robert Scharbach	-	-	-	-	Left Forward
Lawrence Gresser	-	-	-	-	Substitute Guard
Carl Shavey	-	-	-	-	Right Forward
Frank Kraft	-	-	-	-	Right Guard
Vernon Calvert	-	-	-	-	Center
Ralph Jones	-	-	-	-	Floor Guard

"We rickollect the little tuds, sittin' on their mother's knees."

Season's Review

Date	Place	Hobart	Grades	Opponent	
Oct. 28	Here	Hobart	41	Wheeler	4
Oct. 31	There	Hobart	35	Froebel	11
Nov. 6	Here	Hobart	24	H. S. Seconds	11
Nov. 11	Here	Hobart	21	Froebel	9
Nov. 20	Here	Hobart	24	Horace Mann	13
Dec. 11	Here	Hobart	23	Valparaiso	24
Dec. 16	There	Hobart	20	Wheeler	7
Jan. 9	There	Hobart	18	Horace Mann	10
Jan. 16	There	Hobart	32	Emerson	2
Jan. 16	There	Hobart	24	Froebel	14
Jan. 23	There	Hobart	2	Annex	16
			—		—
		Total Points	261		121

THE 1925-26 season of basketball for the Junior High School has been a decided success as is evidenced by the schedule—out of eleven contests, nine resulted in victories. And many of these victories were won over teams that are accustomed themselves to be the victors, such as Emerson and Froebel. This is even more to be wondered at when we consider that this is only the second year for organized athletics in the Junior High.

Our squad was generally “doped” to win the County Tournament. And our defeat in the semi-finals at the hands of a Gary colored team was a source of keen disappointment. But that disappointment has only made us look forward to a bigger and better season next year.

“The brow of toil shall wear the diadem.”



Roosevelt Gym

CONSTRUCTION on Roosevelt Gym started in the Spring of 1923, and it was to be finished in time for the 1923-24 basketball season. The work went slow and when the season opened, we had no gym. The team practiced in Stratton's old opera house. That season no home games were played. When the 1924-25 season opened we had our new gym. It is one of the best in Lake county and has been the scene of many a hectic battle.

While under construction it was thought by many that its seating capacity would never be filled, but since then, it has been found to be too small.

Besides being used for basketball and Physical Training, a portable stage has been made to order and is used for other activities of the school. Above the gym, on the second floor, are the classrooms which are occupied by the lower grades.

The gym serves us in many capacities. It is our community center and along with its real purpose, it is the stage for all the auxiliary activities of the High School. It means much to the public as well as to us.

"For lordliest height, yet poised for lowliest need."

Mac Pherson's
ICE CREAM PARLOR



19



26

Good Advertising
ALWAYS GETS AN ENCORE

D. MESNICK



To Our Friends

Sometimes I think that we don't give
Mucli thought to our advertisin'.
So appearin' through this section,
We're runnin' things surprisin'.
Why these folks are our bestest frien's,
We love 'em ever' one,
We hope you'll buy your crackers,
Yer beans, yer flour, yer gum,
Uv folks who's name ye see in here
Beckase to us they've been
Just like the gov'ment pensionin',
And they met us with a grin.
They knew they wuz donatin',
But were glad to help us out
Because the High School wuz their own,
Their loyalty, we can't doubt.
So when you've cash you wish t' spend,
Just look right through this section,
You'll find some shop's got what you want,
If ye give 'em due inspection.
We thank 'em—my, we thank 'em!
Our path they've easy made,
We hope they ever'one 'll have
Easy climbin' up the grade.

"They were wholly good to us, just as of old."

PHONE 70

ROPER BROTHERS
FORD
SALES and SERVICE

HOBART and
CHESTERTON

*"Home-folks! Well, that air name, to us,
Sounds jes' the same as poetry."*

THE NEW
CENTRAL DRUG STORE
REGISTERED DRUGGISTS

W. H. McOmber, R. Ph.

"Just A Good Place to Trade"

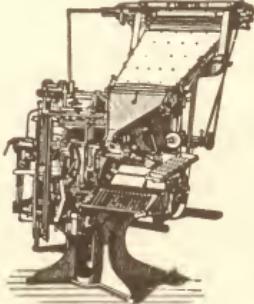
HOBART, INDIANA

Phone 63

Cor. 3rd and Main Street

THE HOBART NEWS

O. L. PATTEE
Editor and Proprietor



Hobart Representative Newspaper
Published on Thursday at
405-407 Main Street

Mr. Baker: "In Hawaii they have the same weather all the year round."
Ed Scharbach: "Then how do their conversations start?"

Mr. Revelli (to Vera as she is taking her music lesson): "You'll have to hold you longer and you can do it."
Vera: "Do you want me to bust?"

Dance Programs—Announcements

SPIES BROS.

OFFICIAL JEWELERS

For

HOBART HIGH SCHOOL

CUPS—MEDALS—TROPHIES

27 E. Monroe St. Chicago, Ill.

*"I never knew a creditor to dun me for a debt,
But I was cramped or busted."*

U-M-M-M!!

" Those Chocolate Malted Milks "

Remember! Gang!

—At—

MACPHERSON'S

ICE CREAM
CANDIES

CIGARS
CIGARETTES

A Complete Line of Whitman's Chocolates

Mr. Lawler: "How did it happen that the Greeks were such good orators?"

Myra Darling: "Because they could speak such good English."

Mr. Baker: "Why are you tardy?"
Eva Holzmer: "Class began before I got here."

FOR SALE

Choice lots along Street Car Line in Hobart Park Addition.
Small payments down and ten dollars per month.

BARNES Real Estate Corp.
GARY - - - INDIANA
Phone 4400 or 4401

Compliments

of

Goodman's
Department Store

GARY, INDIANA

"It's a purty good world this is."

Hobart Tire & Vulcanizing Co. EHRHARDT & STROM

SERVICE STATION EXIDE BATTERIES

WE BELIEVE IT

Mr. Dickey: "What do you expect to be when you graduate from high school?"

Max Brand: "An old man."

Miss Hunter: "What is the greatest thing the Romans learned to do?"

A. Ehrhardt: "Talk Latin."

LIST YOUR HOME

with

C. L. FLEMING CO.

Real Estate—Insurance

HOBART

INDIANA

BRAND & FLECK

First Class Grocery

and

Meat Market

Phone 25

FREE DELIVERY

"How wondrous all the ways we fare—!"

ALWIN WILD

Funeral Director and Ambulance Service

FURNITURE, SHADES, PAINTS
OILS, CARPETS AND RUGS

Established 1886

ALBERT WROBBEL, Ass't.

Business Phone 17

HOBART, INDIANA

Residence Phone 57

CALL US

When in need of

Pure Artificial Ice

We guarantee

GOOD SERVICE and FULL WEIGHT

Barnes Ice & Coal Co.

GARY, INDIANA

Phone 4400 or 4401

Mr. Grabill: "Say Bill, do you want me to take your picture?"

Bill Messick: "Yep, why?"

Mr. G.: "Then shut your mouth."

When Better Cars are Built Buick will Build Them

The Better Buick

City Service Garage

Phone 96

5th & Lake Sts.

Hobart, Indiana

"I have many recollections to take away with me."

1892

1926

SINCE 1892

Our business for years has served your building needs. It endures because we try through good materials, helpful service and fair prices, to please you. To continue to serve you in the coming years on this same satisfactory basis, is our desire.

Wm. Scharbach, Sr. Sons

East Gary

Hobart

TWO YARDS

*"The great strong hands so all inclined
To welcome toil."*



We Dedicate this Page to You,

Class of 1926

and to the faithful officers and teachers who have assisted you in completing your High School course. The best wishes for your success and happiness are extended by the officers and employees of this Institution



The First State Bank

Hobart, Indiana



*"When you came to lend us your kind hand
And call us friend, God blessed us unaware."*

Lee & Rhodes

Plumbing and
Heating

DAYTON PUMPS

Phone 38

HOBART - - IND.

For all the News

of the

Calumet Region

read the

Gary Post Tribune

Funeral Service

Ambulance Service

H. R. Pflughoeft

HOBART, INDIANA

Business Phone 397-W

Residence Phone 404-W

Warren Boyd, in English class:
Active voice, "I lay on the couch."
Passive voice, "The couch was laid
on me."

Alice VanLoon, in Geometry:
"Therefore the triangle is a parallelogram."

When you're at English exam,
And for answer you're stuck,
Just write seven pages,
And trust to dumb luck.

Mr. Baker: "Were you absent two
whole days?"

Frank Brown: "No, one day and
two halves."

"Oh, ever'thing's a-goin', like we like to see her go."

THE
RADIO SHOP
R. W. Julian, Prop.

607 Washington Street
Gary, Indiana
Phone 2224

Dickey: "Where is wheat
sown?"
Joy Newman: "On the farm."

STUDENT'S DIRGE
Flunked in physics,
Failed in Math,
I heard him softly hiss—
I'd like to find the guy who said.
Ignorance is bliss.

WE THOUGHT SO

Mr. Johnson (after explaining a problem): "How would you work this problem, Claudia?"

Cleaners & Dyers Co.

One day cleaning
and pressing service.
Work called for and
delivered

SUITS MADE TO ORDER

HOBART and CHESTERTON

PHONES

New and Improved

Freshman Masterpiece

Receivers are sold only to selected dealers who are equipped to service every set they sell. The responsibility of any Authorized Freshman Dealer does not end with the sale of a set.

Every Dealer will gladly give you any information or demonstration that you desire. The Keynote of the entire Freshman Organization is

“Service”

Make use of it.

Fifth Avenue Garage

5th and Madison

GARY - - - - INDIANA

"Folks all seem so good to us."



HUGHIES MEN'S WEAR

You will always find a new and useful
as well as desirable wearing apparel
here.

Lovely gifts for graduation.

We carry a full line of Ladies' Silk Hose
in all shades

PARRY'S GROCERY and MARKET

We go to Parry's fur veg'tables,
An' we go there fur our meat,
In fac' we git 'bout ever'thing
There 'at's good to eat.
Their prices is the fairest,
Their quality exter fine,
I 've heerd 'em say at Parry's
Is the best in the grocery line.

HOBART, - - - - - INDIANA

*"Fer them 'ats nothin's good enough they're gettin'
It's a bad world."*



FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT

Gary's Million Dollar Theater

THE PALACE

Keith Vodvil and Photoplays

New Show every Sunday, Monday and Thursday

"THOUGHTS FOR A DISCOURAGED FARMER"

Si was out in the cowshed
Massaging Nell, the old cow,
Maggie was sweltering in the kitchen
Making doughnuts, but anyhow,

'Tis winter on the homestead
The mortgage is coming due,
If you ever tried to write poetry,
You'd quit where I have, too.

—By HARRY TEDDY COONS, JR.

IT CAN'T BE POSSIBLE

That Max Brand ceases to amuse the Assembly?
That Eli Price doesn't grin at the girls?
That the Annual Staff isn't holding its Thursday evening prayer meeting
anymore?
That Miss Naegle doesn't know the price of butter and eggs?
That Mr. Johnson isn't worrying about something?

*"Tempest of cheers upon cheers,
Praises to last a life long."*

"UNCOMFORTED"

John Stewart: "Can you help me with this problem?"
Tom Messick: "I would but I don't think it would be right."

Mr. Lawler: "Who was king of England in 1832?"
Mildred Chandler: "Queen Elizabeth."

Wanted: At police headquarters. Mr. Revelli.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY



These signs are a
GUARANTEE
of
QUALITY
Our Service
Stations
GUARANTEE
SERVICE



Harold Thompson

Service Station Salesman No. 76

STOP

Phone 62

and
We Deliver
Good Things to Eat

SHOP

*"Hail to you then, with welcome deep
As grateful hearts may laugh or weep."*

"A ROUGH SKETCH"

Emma Mullenix: "Why is "School called a cornerstone of Democracy?"
Mr. Dickey: "Because there are so many blockheads in it."

"THE GINOINE AR-TICKLE"

Slim Argo: "Say Ed, what do you think of my picture?"
Ed Bartos: "Fine background, fine background!"

"I SMOKE MY PIPE"

At the GEM

by Fonzo Lawler.

DELIGHTS
AS IT
LIGHTS

Levolier

Porcelain Brackets

Here is a handsome white porcelain sanitary bracket for use in bathrooms, kitchens, cafeterias, beauty shops and many other places. Made with either plain or with extra outlet in base where some electrical convenience is to be used in connection with the light. Porcelain lever at bottom can be pushed in any direction to turn current on or off.

The bracket is easily kept clean with a damp cloth and will not chip, scratch or stain. The soft white finish and rust-proof nickel trimmings make the bracket harmonize with other fittings. The light may be either upright or hang inverted to suit the surroundings.

ASK YOUR LOCAL
ELECTRICAL DEALER
OR CONTRACTOR
OR WRITE DIRECT TO



MCGILL
MANUFACTURING CO.
Electrical Specialties of Quality
ESTABLISHED 1894
VALPARAISO * INDIANA



SIEGESMUND & SOTHMAN
Groceries, Meats, Notions

Near Penn. Depot
HOBART, INDIANA

Phone 60

"A grateful king re-ruleth from thy lap."

SUCCESS

\$25 Worth of It—

was awarded to Marian Jane Jackson by the Chicago Herald and Examiner, for her winning essay on the famous old convict ship, "Success." Miss Jackson is a Junior in Hobart High School and her winning essay appears on the opposite page.

With the Compliments
of

The Chicago Herald
and Examiner

*"We return due gratefulness, yet pausing stand
As one who strongly yearns to pay still further thanks."*

“SUCCESS”

Old “Success” from Melbourne
With your weird scenes of old—
And your implements of torture
Make my very blood run cold.
Oh! the joy of having freedom
In dear old U. S. A.
May we ever have success
In an educated way!

The old convict ship “Success” from Melbourne, Australia, has a message for all—old, young, rich and poor.

How truly thankful we should be for living in such an age of progress as we do! Compare our lives with those who lived when “Success” sailed the seas, a very harbor of torture and ignorance!

The iron chains by which the prisoners were held, those bleak dismal dungeons in which the prisoners were so cruelly confined, the “Iron Maiden,” the whipping post, and the torture they were forced to endure, implant in our minds the rapid progress we have made from 1790 to 1925.

On boarding the ship the main deck is first viewed, with the whipping post, baths and irons. On the litt'e deck, above the cabins, stands the “Iron Maiden,” a mummy-like statute, with long spikes in it. Prisoners were put in there, subject to much pain, caused by the spikes piercing their bodies.

After viewing the main deck, one descends to the lower deck where the wax figures, made to represent the convicts, stand out as though to warn one from following in their footsteps. The “Black Hole,” a dark dungeon, cold and ghastly, is next viewed, and is perhaps the most terrible means of torture.

If only each board of that ship could speak! What terrible things they would tell! They would tell of the suffering prisoners being thrown into the “Black Ho'e,” or being thrust into the claws of the “Iron Maiden.”

Every citizen of the United States should visit this ship, justly called the “Eighth Wonder of the World.”

After leaving the ship, one fu'lly realizes what a wonderful era we are living in—an age when torture and ignorance is unknown. An age when each child is given an education that he may help to strengthen our nation, and strive to have his country justly remain the greatest, most progressive nation in the world!

By MARION JANE JACKSON.

Prize essay on the convict ship “Success.” Award given by Chicago Herald and Examiner.

*“O from our life's full measure
And rich hoard of worldly treasure
We often turn our weary eyes away.”*

The
Rosalee Beauty Shoppe

"Where Art and Service Meet"

"Expert Permanent Waving"
Hair Dyeing Specialty
Marcelling

Facial Packs—Manicuring
Hair Bobbing

ROSE PIERCE
HOBART - - - INDIANA
Phone 400-M

THE
ELECTRIC SHOP

Apex-Radiola-Diamond
Radio Sets

Timmons B-Liminators
Tungar Chargers
Burgess B. Batteries

Electrical Contracting
Sales and Service

Riddle Lighting
Fitments

R. E. WHEATON

Phone 400-R Hobart, Ind.

THE
AMAZON CAFE

A Good Place to
Take the Family
Service and Home Cooking

R. C. HAYWOOD, Prop.

Mr. Baker, (to his Geometry class):
"Watch the board closely while I go
through it."

Traffic Cop: "You've got too much
light."

Mr. Lawler: "Sir?"
Traffic Cop (with much gusto and
basso): "You've got too much light."
Mr. Lawler: "Oh, thank you."

Mr. Johnson: "If the 90 degree
angle is the right angle, what is the
opposite called?"

C. Ekstedt: "The left angle."

Advice to 9B's: Carry a flash-
light if it lightens your work.

"We do not know what wealth is ours."

1882

1926

TEACHERS COLLEGE OF INDIANAPOLIS

A Standard Normal School.
Courses Two and Four Years length. A special school devoted to the training of teachers in the following departments:

A Four Years' Course for SUPERVISORS.
Two Years' Courses for—
Kindergarten and First Grade,
Primary,
Intermediate,
Rural School (First Year),
Public School Art,
Public School Music,
Home Economics.

Short courses for Advanced and Experienced Teachers. For catalog and further information, write to—

Eliza A. Blaker, President
23rd and Alabama Sts.
INDIANAPOLIS - - - INDIANA

HENDERSON'S
QUALITY
ICE
CREAM

CANDY

"Save Money—Get Quality"

**DELICIOUS AND FRESH
CANDIES
DAILY**

Wholesale and Retail

PETER S. BATES

Proprietor
Phone 422-J

Madeline Campbell: "Would you advise me to put much time in on dates?"

Mr. Lawler: "No, I would advise that you try going to bed these evenings."

Miss Hunter: "Name some of the lower animals, beginning with Ben Brantigan."

Almira Wild (when studying Hamlet): "How do you know that Hamlet was in love?"

Vance Reed: "I don't, only I've got the feel'ing."

Tuberia Ruchti, telling an original story in English: "He kicked off his sweater and shoes."

"And I contend an honest work is allus bound to live."



"Silver Fox farming has attracted wide attention, chiefly because of the enormous profits derived from the sale of pelts and breeding stock. As a fur bearing animal propagated in captivity the Silver Fox has no rival and both live foxes and their pelts are in great demand. Probably no other live stock enterprise pays larger returns for the money invested.

"A Silver Fox pelt of high quality, taken in the wild state, has always been and still is a very rare article. Approximately 90% of the Silver Fox pelts sold on the fur market today are from ranch-bred foxes."—(U. S. Department of Agriculture, Bulletin No. 1151).

Are you interested in an enterprise which pays guaranteed cash profits of 20% yearly, with your investment fully protected against loss at all times? We are paying this return, and more, to our customers.

DeBushe Nicholson Silver Fox Company

49th and Cleveland St.

Phone Gary 4411

GARY, INDIANA



*"Tis well to feel, through the blinding rain,
Our outflung hands touch earth again."*



YOU ARE THE BOSS!

IN THIS STORE

We Back Up Every Sale

With This Promise — —

SERVICE AND SATISFACTION
Our Aim Today, Tomorrow, Every Day

You have just made a purchase at this store and for this we thank you. We have made every effort to give you the best of service, value and satisfaction, and we believe we have succeeded.

However, should you decide, for any reason, that your purchase is not exactly what you want, don't hesitate to bring it back.

No transaction is closed here until **YOU ARE ENTIRELY SATISFIED**. Your money is willingly and cheerfully refunded without question or quibble, if the goods do not please you.

To serve you as you would like to be served—that's our policy.

**We appreciate suggestions for the improvement
of our service or policy.**

SPECHT - FINNEY COMPANY

VALPARAISO, INDIANA

"O, memory, you bring such glorious thoughts to me."

Four Special Courses for High School Graduates

**Fifteen-Month Secretarial
Two-Year Business Administration
Three-Month Post Graduate
One-Year Banking**

These courses are of college grade, and are open only to high school and college graduates. They prepare for the high-class positions—the positions that pay the high salaries. The Three-Month Post Graduate course is an office and secretarial practice course, and is for those who had the commercial work in high school. Write for information.

GARY BUSINESS COLLEGE
GARY - - - - - INDIANA

**SLICK'S
GARY LAUNDRY COMPANY
FAMILY WASHINGS**

**HOBART
MONDAY AND THURSDAY
EVERY WEEK FOR PAST TEN YEARS**

Telephone 594—GARY—Telephone 594

*"I quarrel not with destiny,
But make the best of everything."*

PIANOS

VICTROLAS

RADOS

“WURLITZER”

EVERYTHING IN MUSIC

Our experience cannot fail to be of value to you and we consider it a part of Wurlitzer Service to see that your selection of an instrument reflects credit upon you as well as ourselves.

WURLITZER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

RUDOLPH WURLITZER

Elks Temple—805 Broadway

GARY, INDIANA

**AMERICAN
TRUST and SAVINGS BANK**
HOBART, INDIANA

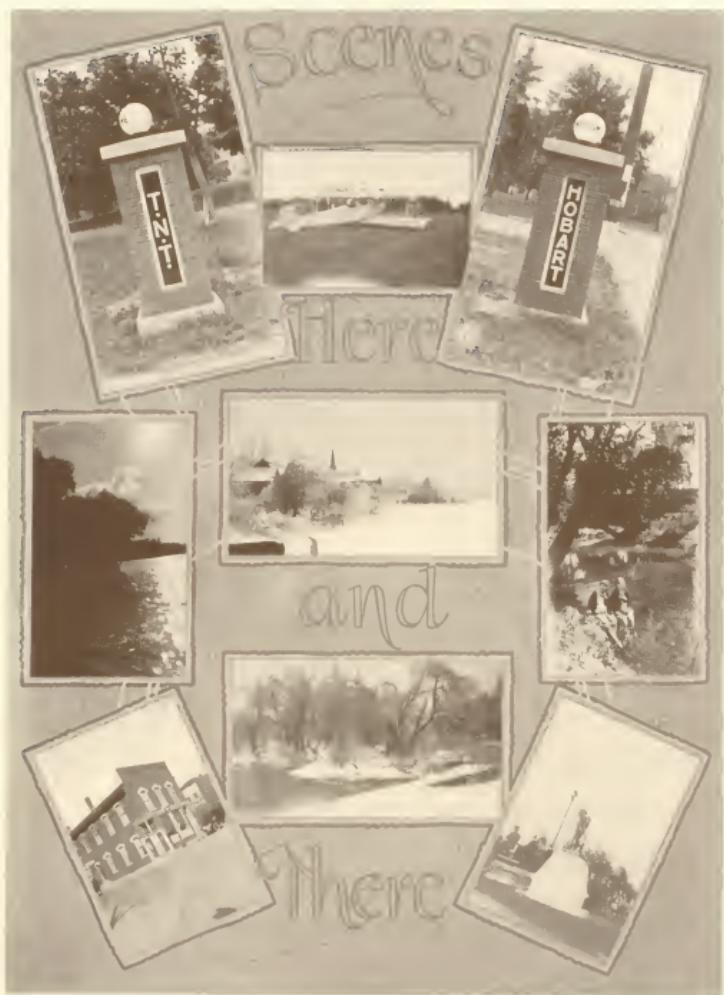
Capital and Surplus - - - - - \$35,000

A Safe, Sound and Reliable Institution

D. D. MELIN, Cashier

H. F. CAVENDER, Asst. Cashier

*“Out of the hitherwhere into the yon,
Stay the hopes we are leaning on.”*



"If the city suits you better, w'y it's where you ort o'be."

THE ARGO SHOP Art Goods and Novelties.

Also a Full Line of Watkins Products, both City and Rural Agency

HEMSTITCHING
Done on Our Electric
Machine

342 Main Street

YOUTH—
CHARM—
BEAUTY—
PERSONALITY—

are combined in the gift
that is always appreciated—

Your Photograph

THE
HOBART STUDIO
R. E. GRABILL, Prop.

Phone 416-R

Peoples Hardware Co.
Wholesale Hardware

SPORTING GOODS AND MILL SUPPLIES

668-674 Broadway

Gary 4300

GARY - - INDIANA

Kenneth McDonald: "Did you know that Maynard sings by ear?"
Mr. Revelli: "Stuff cotton in his ears then."

Drummer Messick was late to band rehearsal, and when asked for his excuse said: "I have a sore arm."

John Myers: "Does Warren Boyd snore?"

Charles Klausen: "I don't know. I'm not in any of his classes."

When is a joke not a joke?
Most of the time.

"A blessing disguised, and this way came."

STOCKWELL RESTAURANT

L. L. STOCKWELL, Prop.

HOME COOKING—SPECIAL SUNDAY DINNERS

Community Building

Phone 352-R

Commutation Special Meal Ticket—\$4.50 for \$4.00

Mr. Baker: "My wife and I had an argument last night. I wanted to go to the Whiting game and she wanted to go to Lafayette. We compromised though and are going to Lafayette."

Mr. Dickey: "Now children get quiet and let me talk, as I never get a chance at home."

Eli Price: "What kind of shoes would look well with these socks?"
Don Lee: "Hip boots."

SHEARER and SON

Coal and Building Material

PHONE No. 4

HOBART, - - - - INDIANA

"An' the world of gloom, is a world of glee,
Whatever the weather may be."

Compliments of
MILLER'S TOGGERY

The Gary Home of

Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes

535-539 Broadway

Phone Gary 148

Mr. Lawler: "How far did the French explorers go down the Mississippi?"
Bud Mellon: "Clean to the bottom."

Miss Hunter: "Thomas, how many times have you whispered today?"
Thomas: "Only wunct."
Miss Hunter: "John, should Thomas have said 'Wunct'?"
John: "No, he should have said 'twict.' "

Athletic and Auto Headquarters

Everything for the Athlete
Everything for the Auto
Everything for the Camper
Fisher, Hunter, Bather,
Golfer, Tennis and Baseball
Player.

Boats, Motors and Canoes

AT

Savage Auto Supply Company

649-55 Washington St.

Gary, Indiana

*"Unselfish service in behalf of all,
Home, friends, and shares of his toil and stress."*

Misty: "Why does he drive a white horse in front of his milk wagon?"

Lee: O, I give up."

Misty: "To pull it."

W. Hatten: "I'll bet you a dollar, I haven't got a cent."

Nick: "Put up your money."

Ben: Say Eddie, how much does a pound of air weigh?"

Eddie: "Oh, about two millimeters."

Dot Dunning: "What is a hypocrite?"

Cocky Sandstrom: "A kid who comes to school with a smile on his face."

Men's, Boy's, and Children's Shoes

STYLES TO MEET THE DEMAND

BUILT TO GIVE SATISFACTION

Shoemaker & McClary

People Look Up --

to men who dress in best fashion! Have your clothes Custom Tailored to your measure from fabrics 100% pure wool.

We make them.

We are ready any time you are.

AXEL W. STROM THE TAILOR

HOBART - - - INDIANA

SCHOOL TOOLS

or

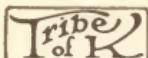
How Byron Made Straight A

ACT I

Being a boy of keen observation, ready wit—and sad experience, Byron determined to crawl up in the alphabet and estimation of his teachers by fitting himself properly for the role of an A student. So he made this list of "tools":

Fountain Pen, Drafting Set, Pencil Set, "Classies" and Texts (my own), Note Pads and Tablets, Typewriter and Supplies, Loose-leaf Note Book, Desk Lamp, Ink, Eraser, Ruler, Good Magazines.

AND BOUGHT THEM ALL AT THE



"We went to work in airnest—
We had nothin' much in view."

ROPER & BROWN
DEALERS IN
FLOUR, FEED, COAL
LIME and CEMENT

Pancake Flour a Specialty

Phone 12
Hobart - - - Ind.

Sole Agency for
Liggett's Chocolates
Shari Toilet Goods
Commencement Gifts
and Books
Pathe Radios

Phillips & Byall
THE REXALL STORE

Harry Linkhart: "What is the height of your ambition, Bud?"
Bud: "I don't know exactly, but she comes about to my shoulder, and has red hair."

George Fraser: "Kenneth McDonald is bad'y spoiled."

Wilfred Nelson: "Go on, how do you get that way?"

George: "Well, if you don't believe me, come and see what a fall down stairs did to him."

Seniors were made for great things,
Sophs and Juniors for small,
But no-one has yet discovered,
Why Freshmen were made at all.

Hobart
Hardware Co.

Phone 328-j

DEVOE PAINTS
AND VARNISHES

"We meet here face to face, our friends."

HEARD IN THE SCHOOL LUNCH ROOM

Bill McAfee: "There's a fly in my ice-cream."
Ella Harris: "Serves him right. Let him freeze."

SO WOULD WE

Roy Shearer: "And now Luther, if you were in my shoes, what would you do?"
Luther Carlson: "I think I'd have them shined."

Kulage Brick Works

Face and Common Brick

HOBART, INDIANA

We carry a new line of High Grade Shoes for Men and Boys

PRICES VERY REASONABLE.

COME IN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

UNITY SHOE REPAIR SHOP

Spase Atseff

Hobart, Indiana

"Ah! friends of mine! How goes it?"

NOTICE TO FRESHMEN

Don't forget to use the telephones, if you wish to call someone from class.
Don't forget to wear your best neck-ties, the Seniors are choicy.
Don't study too much, you might have a nervous collapse.
Don't be timid about asking the teachers questions, it makes an impression.
Don't forget practicing the shooting of paper wads each evening.
Don't fail to copy some Senior. They are models.

THE PARISH LEAFLET CO.

Devoted to the spread of Christian Literature
Nation-wide in its influence.

Printers of All Kinds of Church Supplies

A Commercial Department
furnishes

All Kinds of Business Printing

L. W. APPLEGATE, Manager

HOBART, INDIANA

GEM THEATRE

H. T. COONS, Prop.

HOBART, - INDIANA

SHOWING NOTHING BUT THE BEST
IN MOTION PICTURES

"Trying? Yes at times it is!"

Almabelle: "It's time for you to go, Bill."

Bill: "Let's play like I'm early for my tomorrow night's date."

John Bracken: "Give me an ice-cream cone, please."

Peter Bates: "Five or ten?"

John: "Just one."

Miss Stephens: "I wish you wouldn't chew gum. Don't you know it is made out of horses hoofs?"

D. Belford: "Sure, that's why I get such a kick out of it."

Remember This!

There is a world of good Service in an old shoe properly repaired. Do not be in a hurry to throw them away. Bring them to our shop, and if they are not worth repairing we will tell you so.

ALSO LACES, POLISH, INSOLES
ETC.

Jensen's Electric Shoe Shop

1 block south of the S. & S. Grocery
store.

HOBART - - - - - INDIANA

Compliments

of

WILLIAM STOMMEL & CO. GENERAL MERCHANDISE

HOBART - - - - - INDIANA

"And I extend my hand in rapturous glee."

Compliments
of
HOBART
FILLING
STATION
ALBERT VERPLANK

Mr. Baker: "Is this your father's
signature?"

Chuck Ekstedt: "As near as I
could get it."

OUR HALL OF FAME

Bill McAfee: "But how can you
get along without me in B. B. and
the Oratorical Contest?"

Chuck Ekstedt: "I'm going to
Dramatic School, and make good now,
since I've made such a hit in 'What
Happened to Jones.' "

Max Brand: "I'll do that. I can
always make the kids laugh at my
cleverness."

Maynard Argo and Kenneth Mc-
Donald, the Idiotic pair.

Other names will be posted later.

HAXTON
PURE MILK COMPANY

Dealers in

Pasteurized Dairy Products — Milk, Cream, and
Butter, Buttermilk and Cheese

Business Phone 40

Residence Phone 40-C-2

HOBART, INDIANA

*"There's a feeling ever present
That the old times were the best."*

High School Graduates

Attention!

MARION COLLEGE

is near your home; it is an Indiana institution and offers you standard courses in College, Normal, Bible or Music and Art, at the lowest cost. Send for catalogue.

J. W. LEEDY, Pres.

Dr. Paul B. Altmann

DENTIST

Guyer Bldg.

Hobart - - - Indiana

GARY Building Material Co.

Ninth and Adams

Gary, - - - Indiana

Telephone 2349

SEEING THE SIGHTS

Marvin: "I saw Alice this afternoon."

John: "Did you see her gold tooth?"

Marvin: "No, she had her mouth closed."

John: "Then it wasn't Alice."

Harry Coons: "I came back from the golf links last night chilled to the bone."

Don Lee: "Why didn't you wear your hat?"

Dalia: "My brothers don't smoke, swear or drink."

Isabel: "Do they make their own clothes too?"

The Drugless Road

To Health

Dr. F. C. Nathon, D. C.

Chiropractic Physician
and
Electro Therapeutic

Community Building

Hobart - - - Indiana

"It's good to have most anybody pat you on the back."

Hardee: "He has an arrogant air about him."

Vera: "I just hate men who use perfume, don't you?"

Violets are blue
And roses are red
And that's the color
Of that Brand boy's head.

Miss Naegle: "Don't open your books in class. Of course I appreciate your curiosity in glancing at them occasionally, but please do it at home."

Bill McAfee: "I sing a little just to kill time."

Mr. Revelli: "You have a terrible weapon."

Phone 26 Hobart
Phone 1621-R-1 Ainsworth

William Raschka

Dealer in

**HAY, GRAIN, DAIRY and
POULTRY FEEDS**

The Place for Quality and Service

We Pay Cash and Sell for Cash

Established 1902

Hobart - - - Indiana

Fred Wittenberg & Son COMPLETE LINE OF FARM IMPLEMENTS International Trucks

Phone 549-R

Valparaiso - - - Indiana

Fraternity, College and Class Jewelry

Commencement Announcements
and Invitations
Stationer to the Senior Class of Hobart
High School

L. G. BALFOUR CO.

Manufacturing Jewelers & Stationers
Attleboro, Mass.

ASK ANY COLLEGE GREEK

JEWELRY OF QUALITY

EDWIN O'DELL

GLASSES FITTED

Hobart - - - Indiana

*"Plague! if they ain't somepin' in
Work 'at kind o' goes agin my convictions!"*

MYRON M. PECK

HARD and SOFT COAL

Phones 308-W

Hobart, Indiana



Orange
Grape
Root Beer
Cherry Blossoms
Green River
Huckleberry Finn

HAVENS

BEVERAGE OF
QUALITY

VALPARAISO

Indiana



Nobody knows why the Freshmen's called green,
Nobody knows er cares it seems,
Nobody knows anything about it a tall,
Nobody knows, nobody knows.

Nobody knows why Gordon's in love
Nobody knows more than Izzy's his dove,
Nobody knows about love anyway
Nobody knows, nobody knows.

"Ah, the endless afterwhiles!"

SMALL'S ELECTRIC SHOP

I. R. SMALL, Prop.

FIXTURES AND HOUSE WIRING—RADIOS

Washers, Cleaners and Ranges

SINGER SEWING MACHINES

Phone 397-J

Hobart, Indiana

BIMROSE NEVER GRADUATES

From the school of better home furnshing.
Every day he studies hard to learn—
To make your home more cheerful—
Comfortable and happier!

The Brimrose School of Better Homes
Is located at 717-719 Broadway, Gary, and it is fitted up with the latest and
most up-to-date Home Needs it is possible to find—and sold on the easiest terms
obtainable;

And Brimrose says—More quality for less money—always.

BIMROSE FURNITURE CO.

A REALLY DEPENDABLE STORE

717-719 Broadway

Nobody knows why Mr. Lawler's single,
Nobody knows whether his heart ever tingles,
Nobody knows if he's timid or bold,
Nobody knows, nobody knows.

Nobody knows why we have to read books,
Nobody knows why we mustn't chew gum,
Nobody knows that as poets we're bum.
Nobody knows, so don't tell.

"True love in all simplicity is fresh and pure as dew."



GUST FREEBURG & SON PAINTERS, DECORATORS and WOOD FINISHERS

The Latest in All Decorations
at Reasonable Prices

ESTIMATES FREE

Phone 351-R

H. H. S. BAND UNIFORMS
were made by
WESTERN UNIFORM CO.
Clark and Adams Streets
CHICAGO
Makers of All Kinds of Uniforms
(See page 72)

IT PAYS TO LOOK WELL
Prentiss Barber Shop
PAUL PRENTISS,
Prop.

Freshman: "Why is the top of Mr. Dickey's head like heaven?"
Sophomore: "I don't know. Spill it."
Freshman: "Because it's a bright and shiny place, and there is no parting there."

Margaret Wanamaker: "What figure of speech is, "I love my teacher."
Pauline Burris: "Sarcasm."

THE LADIES SHOPPE A COMPLETE LINE OF—

Ladies' Dresses—
Underwear—
Phoenix Hosiery—
Choice Gifts.

MRS. QUINLAN

"Worry? Wave your hand to it—"

DELL F. BEACH
JEWELRY STORE
and
GIFT SHOP

Phone 330-R

Hobart, Indiana

Kramer and VanLoon
EXPRESSING, DRAYING
and MOVING

Phone 80

Hobart

SEE
KRUEGER & WOJOHN
FOR
Hardware, Paints, Stoves,
DeLaval Cream Separators
and Milkers
IMPLEMENTS and REPAIRS
113-15 Lincolnway
VALPARAISO - - INDIANA

Miss Hunter: "That comes from poetic license."

Ralph Jones: "Do you get that like you do a marriage license?"

Mr. Baker: "And now, Ben, what is a pendulum?"

Ben Brantigan: "A pendulum is something that weighs nothing suspended
to a string."

Martha Amlong: "Is class meeting over?"

Evelyn Hancock: "Yes, they've all dispensed."

Consumers Sanitary Coffee and Butter Stores

Economy begins with quality.

STORE OF QUALITY AND PRICES.

ROY W. FLANDERS, Manager

HOBART, INDIANA

*"Long life's a lovely thing to know,
With lovely health and wealth."*



CONGRATULATIONS GRADUATES

You are to be congratulated upon arriving at this important milestone in your career—your graduation.

It is an important occasion; one which calls forth the best that is in you, and the importance of the event demands that you present the best possible appearance.

In the matter of appearance, every article of your attire plays an important part and should be selected with due regard to its importance.

Throughout the year we study and cater to the needs of thousands of girl's and boys of this country, and it is only natural that, at this time, we should be able to outfit you to the satisfaction of yourself and those with whom you are to come in contact. We feel sure that an inspection of our stocks will quickly confirm this in your mind.

With best wishes for your future success, we are

Very truly yours,

J. LOWENSTINE & SONS
VALPARAISO, INDIANA



*"Our onward trails will meet and
Merge and be ever one."*

The Hobart Bakery

S. BAUMER, Prop.

SPECIAL CAKES

and

FANCY PASTRIES

W. H. Wood & Son

AUTHORIZED FORD DEALERS

Deepriver, Indiana

P. O. Hobart, Indiana

R. R. No. 2

Phone 1613-J-3

SMITH and KOSTBADE INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE

Local Office

State Mutual Savings and Loan
Association of Indiana
First State Bank Building
Phone 59



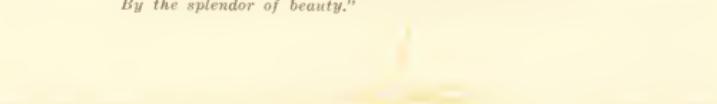
"Talkin' 'bout my bees," says Jee,
Speakin' serious-like an' slow,
"They's the best ye ever knowed
Makin' honey by the load.
Why, I ship to ever' state
An' it's the best ye ever ate.
Better git ten pounds 'er so
And jes' watch yer biscuits go!"

Jos. M. Mundell

"THE KEEPER OF
THE BEES"

HOBART, INDIANA

"When friends and generous hands advance us,
We return due gratefulness."



THIS BOOK is Bound in a BECKTOLD COVER

The Modern Cover for all Types of Books

ALTHOUGH of comparatively recent origin, the Becktold Cover has achieved widespread use. The exceptional manner in which it combines beauty and adaptability with permanence and economy have marked it as the ideal binding not only for College Annuals but for all printed works on which a durable and attractive cover is needed.

Becktold Cover presents an almost unlimited range of colors and color combinations, it is unfailingly and lastingly rich in texture, and it can always be embossed in a design appropriate to the particular book.

We shall be glad to supply sample covers and to make suggestions regarding the use of Becktold Cover on any sort of volume.

BECKTOLD
PRINTING AND BOOK MANUFACTURING CO.
Manufacturers of High-Grade Covers for College Annuals

St. Louis

*Serving the trade since 1878
as bookbinders and as
cover-makers*

Missouri

*"We have taken care that our book should be embodied
By the splendor of beauty."*



"Flowers die---Say It with Printing"

"Flowers die---Say It with Printing"

We join with the rest in congratulations to you, Hobart High School, for your success in having "Said It with Printing" in such an effective manner.

Your work reflects a fine spirit of co-operation, not only among your student body, but also among the citizens of your community.

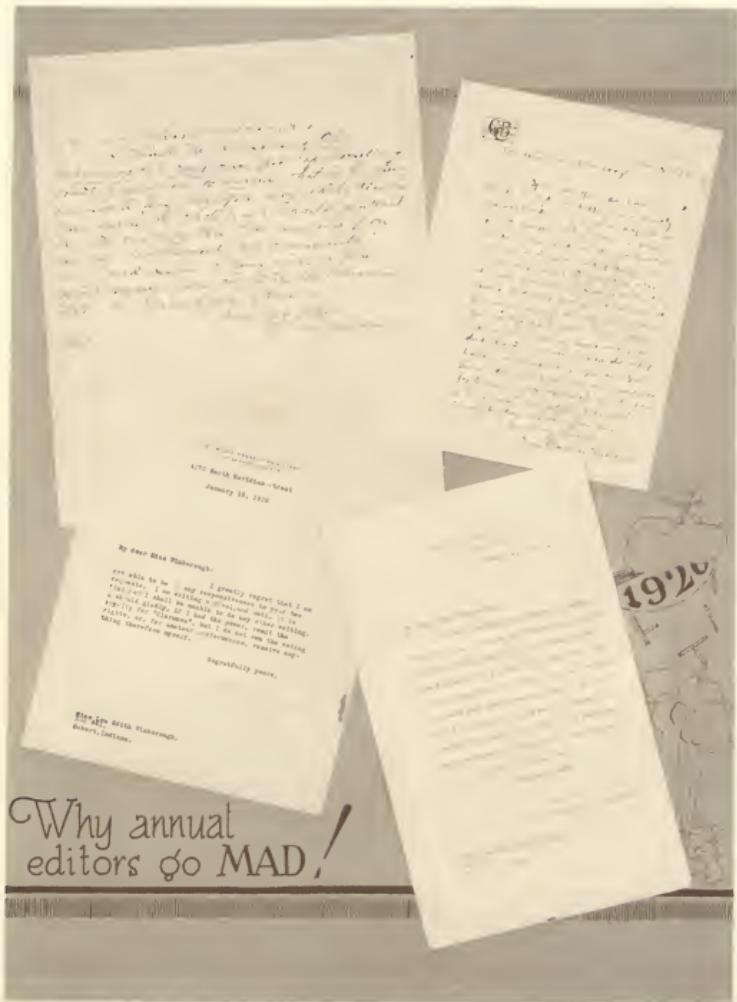
We are pleased to have had a part in producing the 1926 Aurora. May its light serve as a guide to other high schools in the production of similar undertakings.

Winchester Publishing Co.
WINCHESTER, INDIANA

Printers for Hobart High School



*"O Printer man of sallow face, and look of absent guile,
Is it the 'copy' on your 'case', that causes you to smile?"*



*"There are sights that come in our joyous hours
To chasten our dreams of gladness."*



An Open Letter

Dear Lucille:

What do you think of my pictures? Aren't they wild—I mean, isn't that dark one the worst looking thing you ever saw? I rather like the other one though.

I had my picture in the office the other day and a man (I said, "tread lightly") saw it. I thought surely he'd bean me for bringing frivolous things like that in to work, but instead, he said "That's just what I want—loan it to me a while."

What could I do? I just had to let him have it and what do you suppose he did with it? Why, he sent it right out to the shop and had a couple of cuts made (the ones you see above).

When the cuts were completed he showed me the dark one first!!! I was so mad I just gasped. Finally I managed to blur out "What are you going to do with that horrible looking thing?"

"Oh," he said, "that isn't so bad." (He just loves to tease.) I don't very often cry but I almost did when he said that, because I didn't know what on earth I'd do if he ever let that picture be printed.

I guess I got pretty red in the face because he looked at me and then brought the other cut out quick. Oh what a relief.

It turned out that he wanted to use both cuts in your annual to show the difference between poorly engraved cuts and first class halftones like the Bond Engraving Company makes.

Believe me, Lucille, when I saw that first cut I sure did appreciate the feeling of lots of annual editors when their proofs come back from the "engraver." It was just like a slap in the face. I guess I'm kind of funny, but somehow I like to do business with folks that help me to appreciate value in things I know nothing of. It gives me confidence in the work they turn out.

Naturally I like to work for that kind of folks too—and that's why I like my job so well. You could have on for ages about my company, but I know you think the same things I do so I'll ring it off.

Say hello to Miss Wimborough and all of your staff. I think you fellows are to be highly congratulated for putting out an annual like you have. For a school of 150 students you're going some! See you next year.

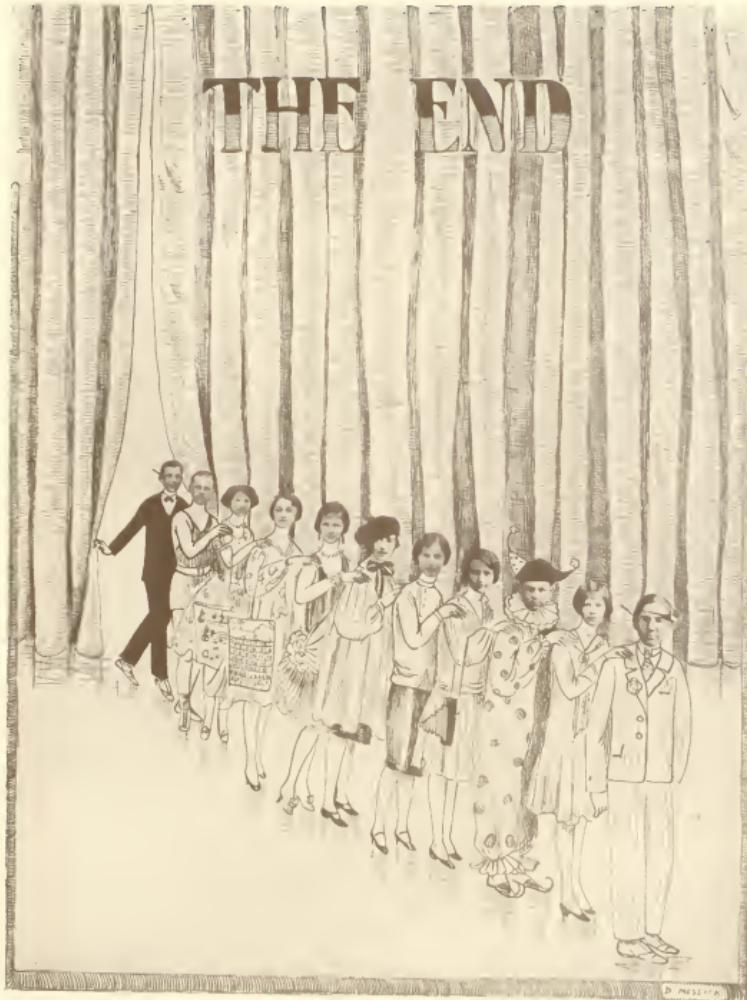
Sincerely,

Beryl

P. S. If you know of any other annual editors who are in trouble have them send the company a line—just say "Write the Bond Engraving Company in Fort Wayne, Indiana." B. E. M.

*"Now is the time; ah, friend we must no longer wait
To scatter smiles and words of gratitude."*

THE END



*"This is the end. And now my friend,
You may print it—upside down."*







